

# COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

No. 8.]

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

[VOL. II.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Review of the "Exposition of the False Medium excluding Men of Genius from the Public," "The Marauders of Mitford," and the Song of J. F. W., in our next.

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## WHIGS, OR TORIES?

THERE is a certain class of writers and talkers of what may be styled *small politics*, who, though they affect an unbounded liberality in sentiment and love of reform, cannot, for the life of them, quite shake off the *Whig*. They can *prefer* one of these factions to the other. But so can we, we will confess: and, if there must be one of these two in power, we think that the principle on which we should give a decided preference to the *Tories* is much less embarrassing to conscience than any thing by which the small politicians would account for their favouring the *Whigs*.

The desperate throes of the Whig-journals only a few weeks ago, when there was a struggle between the two factions for who should be in, the exhibitions of rage in the *Chronicle* and in the *Times*, so much alike, made to come out on the same day and with precisely the same views, and so evidently supplied from some quarter of higher importance than the garret of either of the editors; these appeals, not to the justice of the judges of both parties, but to the fears of their opponents, showed the Whigs in their true colours, and showed, that if their friends of small polities do not know it, they themselves know, that the *difference* between Whig and Tory, in the opinion of the people in general, is just so much as all men are agreed to recognise between a *covert* and an *open* enemy.

There are, to be sure, some individuals belonging to each party who seem to be out of their proper place, and who, to keep the factions distinct in their characters, need be called out and turned into the other flock. Such, on the one side, is Sir ROBERT PEEL, who has been so far cowed down by his prudent dread of a radical revolution as to make himself all but Whig; and such, on the other hand, is MR. STANLEY, who, with a scowl that brings Lord ALTHORP's conciliating smirk into contempt, hurls open threat and defiance at us as boldly as ever CANNING, the man he would imitate, did in the best days of Tory prosperity. Such instances of differing from themselves, as it were, are only the necessary consequences of that more real separation between the

two to which the people have forced them to submit. The people ask too much a great deal to please either. Some Tories, therefore, are charmed into partial concession by their timidity, and some in the Whig ranks have not yet brought themselves to bear with our full demand without a bluster. But let us take each faction as a body : despising all that cant calls "candour," let us review the conduct of our two enemies, whether in or out of place. Have we had any *friends!* what *friendship*, in the name of common honesty, we ask, what bond of confidence have the people had to rely on with safety but that formed in their own counsel? There they are, the whole complement of candidates for place, just as they were long ago and have continued to be, excepting only that the two sets have exchanged their relative positions as to each other in mere form, the Whigs having gotten up and the Tories under. True, there is another difference in the condition of the factions : there are all those difficulties of fresh origin for the common suffering of both ; there are the complexities and the niceties of distress that the least giving way to the people was certain to create by the thousand. Until of late, the party in trouble was the people alone. But if there be cause of consolation in seeing our bestriders trodden down by one another, we may begin to be consoled—nay, when the very uppermost in place implores sympathy from *us*, may we not think ourselves worth being thought of again? and how happy for the nation must the state of placemen be, after those who are *out* have been known to feel that they would not for the world be *in*!

In this it is, in this common distress of the *ins* and the *outs*, that the dealers in the small-ware of polities put their trust. They look at the Whigs, and they find professions to be *liberalism*; they look at the Tories, and they hear all around protests denounced as *despotism*. But they seem never to heed that inevitable lot which now belongs to *office* itself as competed for by the warring parties : they do not seem to be aware that the very ground contended for has undergone a dreadful change, that it has already turned from a rock to something of the swampy kind, and that if there be spots of shaky footing still left to stand on, it is all in process of dissolution towards absolute quagmire. They seem to forget that the spell which held the two factions together, both striding over us, is broken, and that whichever comes in comes in at its peril. Ah! were the Whigs so popular only a few months ago, and have they already lost their popularity? Did they really come into power on the shoulders of the people to give Reform and all its blessings, and are they, after that, sunk again in the disgrace of a *comparison* with the Tories? To be sure they are : what more reasonable and just? for what has been the bitterest of their own reproaches of

their opponents but this, that they, the Tory faction, were urging the Radicals to seek too much reform! But the comparison is, in fact, the main hope of the Whigs, as well as their disgrace; it is only by exclaiming "*Think of what the others would do if in our place!*" that they hope to keep where they are. They mistake, and their friends in the *small* way mistake, if they think that the nation has no other comparison to make. We say, Look at their promises before they were accepted by us, look at their own protests against Tory acts, and look at what they have done compared with what they *professed* anxiety to do. Take but a single instance of their wretched abandonment of principle; look at their stammering, prevaricating, self-falsifying treatment of the proposition for *shorter parliaments*, and say, if you flee from the Tory as from the grasp of an *enemy*, what *friendship* you would expect in a refuge with the Whig.

Our advice to our readers is, to stand aside upon this occasion, and to let the parties interested fight their battle in their own way. Bless us! is it for *the people* that they are so eagerly engaged! Why should the people enlist themselves in the cause of either? The fact is, that the majority of the nation have become thoroughly indifferent to the result of all party work. The nation knows that whatever good has come, has come from its own exertions opposed to both factions united against itself, and it sees that whatever else is to come of the same kind must proceed from the same source. And yet there are some Radicals (by profession) who cannot quite shake off the *Whig*. These are found not only among those political gossips who were smiled upon and who received shakes of the hand and other marks of condescension from "reform candidates" during the last canvass, but even among public lecturers in print. Of the latter, there is one instance so notable that we cannot help distinguishing it from the rest. This is a respectable contemporary, who does his radical duty as far as Scotch prudence will allow; who holds with the hare and runs with the hounds to scrupulous perfection; who loads the Tory cause with malediction, and, while he snarls at Whig enormities in order to court radical applause, gives a snap at the Radicals too to save his credit with men of moderation. If one may judge of the entertainment by the sign hung out, what must be expected in our respectable contemporary of Edinburgh? We call him respectable, not desiring to find more fault than is obvious in facts; and the *Magazine* to which we allude has frequently afforded a good deal to induce us to think well of it. But our contemporary, in his last number, attacks the Radicals for their having attacked the Whigs; and that he does in a book, the sign or token of principle stamped on the outside of which is—*a picture of LORD BROUGHAM'S head and*

*shoulders, supported and surmounted by the trappings of office and dignity, and surrounded by a wreath of Scotch thistles!* If we are not mistaken, the Edinburgh Radical has already talked of throwing this bookseller's bauble away. And why has he not done so long ago; or why has he not *deled* that "FIAT JUSTITIA" which still remains as a motto to it, and put "VIVAT HUMBUG" in its place? Not to get rid of the thing entirely, or turn it into a downright caricature, is a satire upon the consistency of him who publishes long-winded exposures of *spy-systems*; for our own contemporary, while he has for some time heard that there are Whig-POPPYS as well as Tory-RICHMONDS, can hardly be so liberally inclined to forgetfulness as not to remember who it was that, in a defence of spies, said that "*as long as there were such men as Thistlewood and Ings there must be such men as Oliver and Castles,*" and who it was that ingeniously omitted to add, that *as long as there were such men as Castlereagh and Sidmouth there would be such men as Thistlewood and Ings.* And can he possibly have forgotten who it was that gained popularity by promising to make us all learned *in spite* of our rulers, and afterwards turned his back on the poor "Schoolmaster" at the threshold of the House of Lords? That was indeed a fine manœuvre which sent Lord LYNDHURST from the Woolsack and brought the manœuvrer into his place: the threat of a "Radical Reform," and that "*he would take the lead*" in it, was a wile too serious for the choosers of a Chancellor just at that time not to be alarmed at, and Lord BROUHAM got what he wanted, because he could do what he pleased. Nor can we blame our contemporary, studious to be prudent as he evidently is, if he were, just at that moment, fascinated, and if he did, for a time, stick his pin of faith in so slippery a glider. But if he now feels reasons to repent of his graven image (which it is known he does), why does he so sorely snarl at those who assisted the Whigs into the power of doing good upon their solemn promises to do it? He finds so much fault in what he is himself committed to, that, as with all similarly situated, it is difficult for him to help being morose. He knows, however, as well as we, *where* it is that he is in the wrong. Come, then, you our respectable Radical-Whig contemporary of Edinburgh, pull out the *pin*, do like a man; put your Brougham's-Head block of wood in the fire; rub off that double-faced mask from before your looks; cease to endeavour to reconcile to our taste that which the whole nation revolts at with disgust; give up your leanings to faction and your twaddle of *small politics*, and be, what it is the safest of all things in these times for the honest to appear, one of the people. The outside of your book would have been more appropriately emblazoned by a portrait of its real editor, or by a list of those who contribute the contents. While you con-

tine as you are, your title is well enough designed to attract the factious, if you please; but you are not radical. Yours is, in fact, *The Brougham's Head-and-Shoulders Magazine*: that is its true character all over, the inside of your book not a whit less than the out.

The talkers and writers of small politics cannot help fancying that when the people lifted the Whig promisers into place, they *ipso facto* adopted the *faction*. It must be the smallest of the small only who can entertain such a foolish fancy; and yet there are enough of these smallest ones to keep up a hum with their notion. That the people gave Lord GREY a *carte blanche*, wherewith to prove himself their well-wisher, is true. It was to *him* that they looked, in *him* only that they relied. But in *him* they really did view a man whom they supposed, from experience, to be incapable of gross deception and of being the slave of an unworthy ambition. Lord GREY's course in politics had not been marked by so much of the serpentine, he had not shown so much of the *lubricus anguis* in his ways of going to work, as for the nation to doubt of his integrity in a post on the well-filling of which the good of millions was depending, and which must load the filler of it with responsibility to all. Such is the importance, as exhibited in the example of Lord GREY's popularity, of the possession of something like *character* to one who aims to be in high station by the consent of many. There might be a variety in the opinions respecting those who were expected to follow him into power: but who denies, that it was upon *him*, and *him alone*, that the hopes of the people could be said to rest? The people took *him*, not merely on the ground of there being no possibility of a change for the worse, not merely to be revenged on the Tories, not merely in the hope that by the Whigs coming in with him they might be shown, as they have since shown themselves, no more our friends than the Tories: they really took him as a holder-out of benefit to be conferred with his own hand, and they had some serious expectation that he would at least endeavour to do, if not succeed in doing, substantial good to the country. None can blame the people for their sanguine feelings when looking towards Lord GREY; for he had done some of the best things of the time of his youth, and he had since so conducted himself as not to make his age despaired of.

To impute improper motives to this man, who gained the people's good-will by a reputation free from charge of either vanity or corruption, and who has been so long before the public, is a thing to be undertaken only upon the strongest evidence. But it is too clear that this man, apparently so careful of his character, so unanimously chosen by the nation, chosen under such rare circumstances of oppor-

tunity to benefit his country, and who gave us to understand that so much good would come of him, is not only no longer the people's *hope*, but has been the cause of their deepest mortification. He has told us that he would stand by his "order"; he has made a sort of protest against free representation, by asserting that the people had "*no abstract right to Reform*"; and Lord GREY has, in no very niggardly way, provided for the wants or luxuries of his family by applications of patronage and of public funds. Yet these, serious as they are, would not, of themselves, have induced us to make those complaints against his conduct which the first false step of common corruption is open to. As for the "order," faith! it need make a stand for itself; or what other *order* in the world would care to stand by it? and if Lord GREY had truly intended to act a *lofty* part all through the piece, we should have been content in beholding him, and the whole of his "order," at so high a point of aristocratic sublimity as for all but their *usefulness* to be quite out of vulgar sight. Lord GREY's idea of "no abstract right," too, was remarkably inconsistent in one who was to obtain the proposed end of his patriotic aims by means of a *Reform*. Yet Lord GREY could not but be conscious that he was that very *pictate gravis ac meritis vir*, and that we too far resembled that *ignobile vulgus*, imagined by the poet—

" — when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,  
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;  
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;  
If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;  
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,  
And quenches their innate desire of blood."

And therefore, if it struck the grave and pious man that, in order to keep the desires of this ignoble crowd within some bounds, it would be well to say—"Though I am coming to give you a great deal, I must tell you that you have no right to any thing at all"—one might have overlooked the protest against right in the *abstract*, and, satisfied with what we were to get, right or no right, have attributed it to extreme caution in a lordly conscience. Then those shrugs of the shoulders in giving him up, which have been occasioned by Lord GREY's less cautious attentions to his family, are indications which he need not have had to endure from any but among the other faction itself, had he maintained the same public character as to the interests of the *public* that the people were accustomed to give him credit for. No doubt the virtuous pretensions to place and pay must be the most

conspicuous to a prime minister in those with whom he is the most intimately connected. The nation is charitable enough to have been satisfied on this ground of preference ; and the nation was too partial to Lord GREY, as a minister, to flout him for his doings as brother, father, uncle, cousin, or whatever else in the *family* way.

It was not the faction coming into power, but *the man* ; and the hopes placed in this man were not that he would carry on a wrangle with another faction, but that he would grapple with that *System* which has been the nation's curse. And in what manner has he done that ? We can hardly trust ourselves further than to ask the question. There has not been a single act of the whole first experiment but what shows that the *System* is still MASTER. Lord GREY is old ; but if energy to act have passed away from him, he has wit enough left to have steered a wiser course than stay where he is inactive ; and as for what he has done, it proves, to use the gentlest terms, nothing more than submission to the *System*, in making which the only decided end effected by the Whigs has been to turn their best friends into the bitterest of enemies. Very much mistaken are our small politicians if they think that, should Lord GREY resign the office of *tax-gatherer*, there will be any like confidence in the nation to greet his successor in a *Whig*. No : the Whig-spell is broken completely. There was a thread, in the name of "*honesty*," which wound itself round the affections of some for a time. Like poor bewildered Othello, they took the deceiver by the hand, saying—"These are fellows of exceeding *honesty* :" but if there were any man besides Lord GREY of whom such a speech could be made, it is only our dealers in the *very* small that still labour sincerely under the same deception, or look for another Whig ministry with the expectation of finding in it the qualities of good intention.

What ! shall we review the heap of deeds only just accomplished ; shall we think of the Coercion Bill, the wretched Irish Church Bill that promised so much, the Negro-Slave Bill at the expense of English slaves, the Legal-tender scheme for the lords of Lands and Funds ; shall we think of the vote-no-vote on the Malt Tax ; shall we think of the police-spie "Force," coupled with the new mode of *paying* the "Force" and the project for extending it all over the country in order to coerce the English labourer into further submission : shall we, you preachers of the *small*, shall we open our eyes to these things, and pretend to see any thing in them better than the old *System* at its work ; pretend to find something to make the one faction *preferable* to the other, and say that the Whigs are any thing more than the *carriers on of the System* ?

During the debate on the Slave Bill, Sir ROBERT PEEL is reported to have said, that the *costly* part of it was that of the *least importance*, and that the nation could give  *fifty millions*, if that were all, as well as

fifteen. Truly, so it could; for what would this be, at 3 *per cent.*, more than an additional weight of one million and a half to the hundreds of millions of the present debt; and what over-loader of a beast of burden ever thought of the hardship of the last feather laid on its back? Can *give!* Yes: and so we shall have to give, our readers may depend upon it, as long as either of these factions has the power to *take*. With what suffering to the people the taking may be attended, makes no odds to them, whichever of them hold the bag and call upon us to fill it.

The end will most likely be in some way that no one has precisely imagined: the present men seem, by their close sticking to the honey-pot they have got into, to have made up their minds to encounter the worst that likelihood can promise them, rather than leave place and the actual sweets of it. If Lord GREY, when he came into power, and in speaking of his "*order*," intended a warning to those denominated the "*lower*," Lord GREY should have kept in mind that, whatever might be his order's consequence in his own eyes, he had undertaken to rule the destiny of all orders beneath it, and that there are others between him and the "*lower orders*" to whom a man in his place would have to be accountable. With these intervening orders it is that his Lordship's reputation is in the most perilous state, for it is they who, of the orders of the people, are in the most peril. If further *suffering* is now dreaded (and dreaded it need be, for it is to come), the middling orders are the parties to be alarmed; they it is who will exhibit all that will be new in the way of suffering. They do suffer now: but how much more adversity have some of these to undergo! We question if, let the factions do their best to coerce us, there can ever be more *general* distress throughout the country than now exists. It is only in the *form* which distress is by and by to assume, when we shall see placemen and pensioners and hangers-on of one kind and another weeping and wailing aloud, that it will appear to be *greater* than it now is. The poor wretches who are now ground down to the last point of endurance are comparatively silent with their thoughts of misery, and hidden from the sight of those who are better off. The labourer has, by degrees, been so inured to starvation, that when he is seen to suffer it seems as if he were even made by nature (and *educated* he in fact is) to bear the odious degradation with patience. Misery of *this* kind can hardly increase, as is well known by those who visit the hovels of country places and the streets in which poor townspeople are huddled together. But that "*great mass of private distress*," the thought of which so shocked the nerves of Mr. HORACE TWISS, is still to come. Come it must, unless a miracle be worked to prevent it; and if none were to be the sufferers but such as can now shut their eyes to the sufferings

of others, we should hail such suffering—the humiliation of the plundering and the unfeeling—as one of the best of blessings. There is this one thought for consolation with the “lower orders”; that *they* cannot be shifted into a worse condition than they are in now, and that, whatever may occur to embarrass their enemies, it must come attended by relief to themselves. The tax-gatherer *System* is the same thing all along; Whig or Tory to carry it round, the money-bag must be filled to the same enormous amount, and its contents are to be tipped out again for exactly the same purposes. As long as the amount demanded is the same, the use of the money the same, and we are to have the same no-option of paying or refusing to pay, what signifies the method in which compliance is enforced, any more than the colour of the tax-gatherer’s coat; what signifies it from what political *party* the tax-gatherer derives his authority, whether they be suspenders of *Habeas Corpus* and gallopers over us with Yeomanry Cavalry, or passers of Coercion Bill and maintainers of trained bands of ruffians who commit murder under pretence of keeping peace amongst neighbours?

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## WINE, WIT, AND WOMAN.\*

A MYTHOLOGICAL SONG.

---

BOYS! three planets bright  
Life’s dull sky illumine,  
To put old Care to flight—  
Wine, and Wit, and Woman.

ONCE, in times of old,  
Ere Troy had yet its Hector,  
Jove, as we are told,  
Sat and sipp’d his nectar.  
Round him gaily quaff’d  
All the gods assembled,  
And the Thund’rer laugh’d  
Till Olympus trembled.

---

\* There is a claim in our contributor’s own *wit* which induces us to insert this clever and original effusion of his Muse. That, however, we cannot do without signifying our dissent from his idea of the “*three planets bright*” as vulgarly (though so fashionably) entertained. We have little respect for such *wit* as depends upon the inspiration of any thing to *drink*, and we still more seriously repudiate that heathen devotion towards the *fair sex*, which acknowledges in their merits nothing better than companion charms of a *bottle*.

Sudden, midst their mirth  
 To mix his bitter leaven,  
**Lo!** a sprite of *earth*  
 Amidst the sons of heaven :  
**Care** had stolen up,  
 With his brow of sadness,  
 To pour his bitter cup  
 In their bowl of gladness.

Through the banquet, still  
 And unnoticed, fleeting,  
**Every** heart grew chill,  
 And hush'd its joyous beating.  
 Seen at last, as gall  
 He pour'd in Juno's nectar,  
 They hasted, one and all,  
 To exorcise the spectre.

**Apollo**, all on fire  
 That heav'n should thus be haunted,  
 On his thrilling lyre  
 The service gaily chaunted.  
 Venus rung the toll,  
 As heav'n's fairest daughter,  
 While Bacchus from his bowl  
 Sprinkled holy water.

From heav'n chased, the sprite  
 Again to earth descended :  
 The Thund'r mark'd his flight,  
 And seeing where it ended,  
 "To mortals bear," the sire  
 To Venus cried, "this dragon  
 To chase—Apollo's lyre  
 And a drop from Bacchus' flagon."

Hence three planets bright  
 Life's dull sky illumine,  
 To put old Care to flight—  
 Wine, and Wit, and Woman.

J. K. B.

## FASCINATION.

A STORY OF UNHOLY LOVE.

“ O, Mutter, was ist Seligkeit?  
 O, Mutter, was ist Hölle?  
 Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,  
 Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle.”      BÜRGER’s *Lenore*.

“ IT is a fine painting, certainly, but still the design does not please me,” said Emily Devereux: “ the spirit of evil may be made sufficiently appalling, without seeming ridiculous. I really cannot bear those absurd horns!”

This was spoken at a small exhibition of pictures in the village of S—. The fair critic was contemplating one of those paintings of supernatural subjects in which modern artists particularly delight; it represented a figure of Satan, with horns, hoofs, and all the other paraphernalia.

“ Indeed, Emily,” replied her mother, “ I wonder to hear you talk so!” Why, how could they paint Satan without horns? I declare it is quite heterodox to think of it! How, child, would you have him represented?”

“ Why, under a majestic form, with a daring front, bright eye, fine features, though overshadowed by melancholy. I would have him handsome as an angel—less bright indeed, but perhaps more dignified. Observe what Milton says:—

“ ‘ — his form not yet had lost  
 All its original brightness, nor appear’d  
 Less than archangel ruin’d, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured.’ ”

“ Ah, Emily,” said her good mother, “ did you but know how ugly sin was, you would never desire to have it painted fairer!”

“ No? Why, few persons would be led into vice if it appeared with so untempting an aspect. Our painters seem to have combined in one common cause of despising Satan, of rendering him contemptible by their art. Now, surely so dangerous an enemy is rather to be feared than caricatured; one who could conceive the idea of arming myriads against the heavenly host must at least have had no small share of fortitude, however improperly directed.”

Before her mother could reply, a gentleman joined the party. He apologised for the liberty he took in addressing them, but said that he had overheard the young lady’s sentiments, and was struck to find how much they were in accordance with his own.

“ It is an unworthy mode of treating even an enemy,” said he energetically. “ Can man find no subject more fit for burlesque, than him who contended for the dominion of the universe? Ought they not rather to contemplate with awe one who could bring hosts of angels

from the celestial banners, and range them under his own?—one who opposed, at the head of his band, all the power of Heaven—who bore undaunted the lightnings that flashed around him—and who finally fell broken, but unbent, into the place of torment, and there, even there, with unsubdued mind meditated schemes of retaliation? Shall man despise him? What are their Caesars, their Alexanders, compared with him? They were but mortals, fighting for a small speck in the universe, at the same time knowing that, in a few revolutions of the sun, their dust would not be distinguished from that of the lands which they had conquered. He is an immortal—he cannot die! He fought for the empire of the universe, not for provinces, not for a world—the solar system set no bounds to his love of glory. No! he could not bear a superior, could not kneel, could not sing praise, could not pray: if he could not brandish the thunder in his hand, flash the lightning from his eyes, wheel round the planets in their course, he preferred being hurled into outer darkness with his followers rather than acknowledge a superior. “Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.” If you consider him as your enemy, hate him, abhor him, pray for his overthrow, that you may trample him under your feet;—but, remember, one that contended for a universe is not to be despised.”

While he was thus speaking, all eyes were turned upon him. His noble figure, his raven locks, and the lustre of his keen black eye, attracted the attention of all; none ventured to answer him; it appeared as if they had been listening to a being of a superior order. When he had concluded, there was a dead silence: although his auditors could not refrain from admiring him, they did not feel altogether at ease in his presence; he seemed like one they could not contradict, and yet scarcely one was of his opinion. He was calm, though energetic; but still there was a proud glance in his eye, which showed how inferior he considered all those around him. They fell off by degrees—first one went, then another, till at last none were left but Mrs. Devereux and her daughter. The latter had been contemplating the stranger with unmixed admiration; she thought she had never seen so noble a figure; he was to her like the embodying of the idea of manly beauty—not the idea we acquire by observing living objects, but that which the ancient sculptors appear to have had in their own minds, and to have acquired from a higher source than the contemplation of mere mortality.

“I have with me a picture,” said the stranger, “that may accord more with your ideas.” And he drew forth a sheet of vellum, which he unrolled, and discovered one of the finest paintings imaginable—if indeed that were a painting which was like a living miniature. It was a figure of Satan with the face averted: in form he was like an Achilles; a glittering helmet covered his head, his right hand grasped a fiery spear, while on his left he bore a bright shield to ward off the lightnings that were flashing round him. The picture was indeed miraculous; the colours appeared more than earthly; while the commanding attitude of the daring Rebel, the dark heavy clouds, and the contrasted vividity of the lightning, seemed more like a diminished reality than a work of art. Emily was all admiration—even her more prejudiced mother could not withhold her praise. The stranger smiled, and said, “Since the young lady admires the painting, she will perhaps do me

the honour of accepting it." So saying, he placed it in her hands. She did not know how to act: to accept a present from a stranger seemed rather indelicate; but there was a certain air about him which seemed as much to command as to solicit her acceptance of the gift—she felt unable to refuse. Before she could reply, he bade them adieu, and left the room, the picture being still in her hands. She would have followed him, but he had already left the house; and she saw him walking slowly down the avenue, with the setting sun shining upon him. To her vivid imagination it appeared as if there were a connexion between the disappearance of the proud stranger and the sinking of the bright luminary in the west.

When she arose the next morning, she appeared feverish and discomposed, which her mother attributed to her having caught cold, taken too much exercise, or any other of those causes which elderly persons like to make the subject of every malady. Alas! she little thought what was the effect of the previous evening's adventure on her daughter; like Dido, she had imbibed a secret flame, which had already commenced to feed upon her heart.

She was a girl of a romantic turn, yet not of that class who are usually so denominated; she was not one who would fall into raptures at a buttercup, or write elegies on a lapdog; she was even no great admirer of fine scenery; the creations of her own mind were more brilliant than any reality, and in these she loved to lose herself, and forget there was a world around. From poems and highly-coloured romances she had imbibed all her ideas; these works were not to her as embellishments of nature, but her own vivid fancy elevated her to them, and therefore nature itself appeared but flat and insipid. "The trees which I read of and imagine," would she sometimes say, "are always green; those of reality are tinged with the yellow hue of autumn." The gallantries of a ball-room, the petty attentions usually paid by young gentlemen to young ladies, were to her not only trivial, but disgusting. She had never seen one for whom she had felt the slightest esteem, not to say love; the light and easy fop she regarded as too artificial, the plain man of business as too narrow-minded, to form any of those notions, or admire any of those beauties, which were to her every thing. She had so enwrapped herself in the contemplation of imaginary beings, that a person must be remarkable indeed before she noticed him; she had seen nothing in the world which approached in the least to her standard of excellence till she beheld the stranger. It was then with her as it was with Pythagoras retracing his ancient forms in his mind; she fancied the noble figure was not unfamiliar to her, but yet she never recollects to have witnessed it, in the same manner that we are, in our dreams, aware of reminiscences of things which never really occurred. It seemed as if all her abstract ideas of excellence were embodied in this one individual. There was a fascination in his dark eye which she could not resist; she could hardly account for the strange sensations it occasioned in her heart; she felt as though her whole existence was absorbed in him, and so strongly was his figure portrayed in her mind, that from her he could scarcely be called absent.

Her first impulse was to try to copy the painting; and with what ardour did she begin! She felt as if some invisible power kept urging

her hand to its task, as if she could not relinquish it ; but, that once finished, with what dislike did she gaze on her own work ! And yet it was well, even beautifully executed : perhaps a more impartial observer might have thought it nearly equal to the original ; but it was not so with her—no, that had charms for her above every thing in the world, by that her own copy seemed flat and insipid. Again she attempted—again she was dissatisfied. Was there a spirit in her heart which joyed in tormenting her ? Was there a mental *ignis fatuus* never to be gained ? Every energy, every thought of her soul seemed knit up in this picture, yet its possession did not afford her pleasure ;—the ancient Persian might worship the sun—he could not avoid being dazzled by its rays.

This excited state of mind could not last long : she became languid, her face grew pale, her eyes hollow. Her friends were alarmed ; physicians were consulted, but in vain—she declined daily ; they might heal bodily disorders, but hers was beyond their skill—it was as a flame within her heart, consuming the very fountain of life—it was a desire for something more than earthly combating with hopelessness—it was a disease of the mind, like that of the young Endymion when he loved the goddess Diana. She wasted away gradually, and soon were there no traces left of the once lively Emily Devereux ; at times she appeared in a state of abstraction from all around her, her eye was fixed, and though usually turned upon vacancy, gazed as intently as if she was contemplating a present object. Sometimes, when her mother followed her in her lonely walks, she could hear her talking in a low murmuring tone, as if engaged in deep conversation ; she grew more and more alarmed as to the state of her daughter.

Emily was at length confined to her chamber ; all hopes of her recovery had been given up—even now there was something almost corpse-like in her appearance. Her mother would sit by her night after night, watching her slumbers ; she thought she was in a decline, but did not know the decline was like that of him who wasted with the enchanted torch. Oftentimes she heard incoherent expressions drop from her lips, but so unconnected that nothing could be drawn from them—until one memorable night.

It was a sultry evening in August—not a breath of air was stirring—all nature was in a perfect, almost fearful calm ; red fiery clouds surrounded the horizon, while towards the meridian they hung down in awful dark masses fantastically formed, as if the chaos of some other world was threatening to fall upon the one beneath. Emily was asleep, and still as the scene around her. She might have been thought dead, but for the slight heavings of her breast, which showed that the lamp of life was not yet extinct. Her anxious mother hung over her, endeavouring in vain to draw hope from her emaciated features ; human skill had been tried in vain—nought but a Higher Power could now rescue her from the grave. When all that is dear to us in this world is taken from us, or when those whom we love have turned against us, it is consoling to know that there is a Being to whom we can resort ; that, although frail mortals heed not our tears, an Almighty One can feel compassion for our sufferings. Prompted by these feelings, and also by a pious hope that her child might be spared through her sup-

pliations, Mrs. Devereux threw herself on her knees, and, covering her face with her hands, began to pray aloud.

Scarcely had the first few words passed her lips, when a terrific burst of thunder shook the house to its very foundation. She started from her knees affrighted, and saw that the room was kept in a continued illumination by repeated flashes of lightning. After her first fear was over, she looked at her daughter, afraid lest the fright occasioned by this terrific storm would terminate her fragile existence. What was her astonishment when she beheld her, with her eyes rolling in a state of frenzy, and her whole face tinged with what we may imagine the awful expression of a daemoniac. The storm continued in all its violence ; and Emily, as the lightning flashing across her face heightened its unearthly appearance, seemed more like a dead body animated by the wicked arts of a necromancer, than a living being. At last she gave a piercing shriek, and hastily uttered these words :— “No ! you shall not leave me—no torture, no flames that can be devised are like those which scorch my heart. Do not, do not leave me ! I will follow you, I will cleave to you, and we shall—we shall be happy !” This was followed by a wild laugh, which made her mother’s blood curdle within her veins ; it was as if some fiend had taken the form of her child, and distorted her delicate features to a look of infernal derision. “I tell thee I am thine !” again shrieked Emily, “thine for ever in this world—in the world to come ; let them not talk to me of heaven—there is none for me without thee, no hell with thee.” Here a burst of thunder was heard, so loud that it drowned even the maniac screams of this unfortunate victim of her own imagination. “I abjure all—every thing that divides me from thee ; I would not be better than thee—I would be with thee ! Lightnings may dart around me, but I shall not be terrified ; thunders may war, but I will not quail.” She sank back on her pillow quite exhausted. The storm continued with unabated violence, the whole sky appeared one sheet of fire, and the thunder sounded as if it were the annihilation of a world. Mrs. Devereux was terrified ; she now hardly ventured to approach her daughter, and yet she could not bear to let her continue in this state of mind. She perceived, from her expressions, that some fearful object had got possession of her soul, and that so strongly, that she thought it must be somewhat beyond mere imagination.

These violent fits did not return again ; Emily once more lay in her former stillness, and, from the calmness of her features, few would have guessed what convulsions had agitated them a few minutes before. The storm had likewise ceased, and from the dispersed clouds the moon arose clear and bright as a phœnix from its ashes ; it shone on the young girl’s pale features, which were now beautifully placid. She at length slowly opened her eyes, and at first gazed around strangely as if she did not know where she was ; but when she saw that she was in her own room, and that her mother was with her, she seemed collected, and a calm smile played upon her lips. Mrs. Devereux was overjoyed at this change ; so terrific was the state in which her daughter had just been, that even her present deathlike appearance cheered her heart. Thus is it that joy and sorrow are merely relative.

When Emily appeared collected, her mother ventured to ask whether

she had not been disturbed by frightful dreams ; she shuddered, and made no reply. Mrs. Devereux perceived that the subject was painful, and therefore forebore to renew it ; but still she saw there was something on her daughter's mind from which it perhaps required an abler monitor than herself to relieve her. She sent a message to the clergyman of the village, requesting him to visit Emily as soon as possible : he came, and found her very weak and languid ; he had previously conversed with her mother, and was, therefore, not unacquainted with the previous scene. " My dear young lady," said he, " something seems to oppress you ; may I demand what it is ? I do not ask from an impertinent curiosity ; I wish to see you happier, and am therefore anxious that your mind may be relieved from the burden which now weighs it down. Nay, do not hesitate—surely no such great sin can afflict you, and even if it were so, still there is mercy in heaven." " Heaven ! " ejaculated she, in a tone which made the minister start— " heaven ! what have I to do with heaven ? I tell you there is no heaven for me—its gates are shut against me—it is beyond your power to open them. I am not long for this world, and in the next—O yes ! " she continued in a tone of joy, " in the next I shall be with him ; you may talk to me of flames, but you do not terrify me ; I shall be with him, shall be happy ! "

" The Lord preserve us from the machinations of Satan ! " said the clergyman ; " she is like one possessed of an evil spirit."

" Satan ! " interrupted Emily, " shall you revile him ? You should not revile the prince of the world—he is all that is great, all that is powerful. I shall not spurn him ! I shall follow him—I shall be ever with him ! Talk not to me of heaven—I want no heaven. But he did not tempt me—he mourned that I should attach myself to a fallen one—he told me not to give up all hope here and hereafter. But what is hope ? I know it not. He is unhappy—his proud spirit is nearly broken ; but I will never forsake him."

The good clergyman was perfectly shocked at the impious words to which she had given utterance. Was she really possessed, or were these merely the ravings of a disordered mind ? He knew not what to think : to hear a young girl, yet in her teens, and on an early death-bed, firmly resign all hopes of heaven, and even anticipate the place of torment with a kind of fearful pleasure, was most appalling. He would have questioned her further, but a loud knock was heard at the street-door, and presently the servant announced that a gentleman was waiting below. " For Heaven's sake," said Mrs. Devereux " tell him we cannot see him ; my child is dying, I cannot leave her an instant." " No, no ! " ejaculated Emily, " I must see him ; it is he—he is come to me ! I knew he would not delay long—he loves me ! " And the poor girl's face was suddenly flushed with crimson ; a fresh animation seemed to have taken possession of her frame as she hastily raised her head from the pillow.

Struck by her earnestness, Mrs. Devereux went down stairs to see who her visitor might be, when, to her astonishment, she beheld the mysterious stranger whom she had met in the picture-gallery. She told him of the dying condition of her daughter, and begged he would excuse her leaving him abruptly ; her child was on her deathbed, and

she dared not be detained from her an instant. She would have said more, but was interrupted by a wild shriek, and her daughter rushed into the room in a state of frantic joy, her hair dishevelled about her shoulders, her eyes sparkling with a supernatural fire, and her whole countenance lit up with a maniac expression of delight. "It is he!" she shrieked, and rushed towards the stranger, when the hectic flush suddenly left her cheek—her eye became glazed—she muttered a few indistinct words, and fell down at his feet—a corpse! The stranger cast a mournful, lingering look over her, and then slowly left the house.

He has never been seen since in the village; but some of the villagers, who have passed the spot where the remains of the unfortunate Emily Devereux were deposited, have remarked that about midnight a dark figure has been seen leaning on her tomb, as if mourning for the departed one.

OMICRON.

## THE ETRUSCANS.

FROM A TRAVELLER IN ITALY.

(Continued from p. 225, vol. I.)

Rome, 6th May, 1833.

WE hired a *calessino* at Leghorn, and set out at an early hour. We had not proceeded far on our journey, when our attention was attracted by two women walking barefoot, one carrying a large wax taper, and evidently, by the fair complexion of her feet and ankles, unaccustomed to such discipline. Our guide informed us that she must walk thus to the *Madonna di Monte Nero*, four miles distant from Leghorn, as a penance. This *Madonna*, like many others, came from the prolific land of Judea, and is the protectress of the Leghorn sailor. Her shrine is rich with the votive offerings of gratitude "*per grazie ricevute*" (for favours received).

At a few miles from Leghorn we abandoned the high road, and followed that which winds along the shore; no vehicle but a *calessino* could have transported us over such a road, and we were even obliged at times to walk. The scenery hardly repaid us: a watch-tower, surrounded by a few huts, on each successive promontory, the only signs of habitation. At last, having doubled the various headlands, we perceived before us the first of that series of plains which form the *Maremma Toscana*, or marshes of this country. The one we now looked upon seemed about twenty-five miles across, surrounded on all sides by mountains, except one, a long line of shore. The *Cecina*, which preserves its ancient name, flows through the midst of this plain. The distant hills seemed to teem with population, if we might judge by the numerous towns built on their lower heights, and the country before us was sprinkled with large farm-houses; but, alas! no fair fields around them. These houses are the monuments which remain in proof of those attempts at cultivation, which have failed from various causes.

On conversing with the peasantry whom we met, we found them as civil as the Tuscans usually are; their language very pure—not guttural, like the Florentine. Their appearance was miserable, fever-stricken, wretchedly poor. Premature old age overtakes them, and they generally die before attaining the age of fifty-five years. We dined at *Rossignano*, and thence descended to *Vada*, a watch-tower on the coast, in a marshy situation. This was the site of *Vada Volaterrana*, a port appertaining to *Volaterra*. LEANDRO ALBERTI says, that in his time ruins were to be seen in the sea. From the beach we perceived nothing. We were informed by some Genoese mariners, that a secure roadstead is formed by sandbanks which project into the sea. Near the tower we could see the foundations of the peristyle of a temple: a small column projecting from the earth, with twisted flutes, and a Corinthian capital of rude workmanship lying near, denoted this a building of the declining age of Roman taste. A stone with an anchor sculptured on it, and the proximity of the temple to the sea, induced us to suppose it was dedicated to Neptune. The wretched appearance of the soldiers and custom-house officers, garrison of the tower, sufficiently attested the insalubrity of the situation. We slept at the *osteria*, or hotel, of *Cecina*, removed about one mile from the village of that name, for the benefit of better air. This *osteria* now occupies a castellated building, built probably as a place of refuge when the Saracens were in the custom of visiting these shores. The next morning it rained heavily, with thick fog, and before we had advanced many miles we were thoroughly wet. Towards eleven the rain ceased, and the misty curtain rose gradually, disclosing to our admiring eyes the mountains we were approaching, richly wooded, with ruined baronial watch-towers, occupying their most inaccessible heights, frowning on the plain beneath, and here and there white Tuscan villages smiling in the sunbeams, which had at length broken through the clouds. But experience taught us that these villages look best in the distance. We stopped for refreshment at the tower of *San Vincenzo*; after resting about an hour we proceeded, and shortly found ourselves in the new road which the Grand Duke of Tuscany is now making, and which may be called a restoration of the *Via Aurelia*.

Striking off to the left, we soon lost ourselves in these almost trackless wilds; when fortunately we met an honest carter going to *Campiglia*, who guided us on our way. The scenery now became enchanting; nature had been refreshed by the morning's rain, and the autumnal tints shone more brightly. On one side of the rocky road we were traversing, the mountain rose to a considerable height, covered with fine trees, from among which ever and anon peeped the grey precipice; on the other, the ground sloped steeply to a purling stream, in winter a raging torrent, on the banks of which the *lambrusca*, or wild vine, flourished in savage luxuriance, decorating and almost hiding with its leafy festoons the loftiest forest trees. *Campiglia*, with its castle, gradually opened upon us, its ruined appearance adapted to the wild nature of the scenery. This is a large village, built on the sides of a steep hill; the houses piled on one another, with glassless windows; the streets steep, narrow, and filthy; and the inhabitants a ragged, wretched-looking race. The air in the town is good; but as the inhabitants must descend

to the plain to work, they are much subject to fever. Out of a population of 3000, only *thirty* escaped the malady this year.

The surrounding country is fruitful, abounding in olives and vines. At a distance of three or four miles, on the plain beneath *Campiglia*, stood the ancient and powerful *Vetulonia*, near which city flowed the streams called *Caldane*, inhabited by fish, although the water is hot (a fact mentioned by PLINY). It may be said that the inhabitants of *Campiglia* point out the site of *Vetulonia* unwittingly, when they show the stranger a valley, not very distant from mills which are driven by the waters of the *Caldane*, called *Albetro*, and tell them that this valley is a place of antique celebrity. The wood near is likewise called *Vetletta*, which, as XIMENES observes, in his work on the *Maremma*, confirms the supposition; and CLUVERIUS, more learned than any other on this subject, concurs in this opinion. LEANDRO ALBERTI gives an interesting account of the ruins visible in his time on this spot, which doubtless he would have recognised for those of *Vetulonia*, had he not been misled by the fables of ANNIUS of VITERBO. DIONYSIUS HALICARNASSUS relates, that from *Vetulonia* a powerful *Lucomon* came to the assistance of ROMULUS, in his war against TATIUS, king of the Sabines; and SILIUS ITALICUS calls this city the ornament of Etruria. M. NIEBUHR pretends that *Vetulonia* was destroyed at an early period; but a Latin inscription, found at Arezzo, in which this city is mentioned, contradicts the assertion. The Etruscan name, according to LANZI, was *Vethuna*. Time, the great destroyer, has rendered the very site a matter of doubt.

Having ordered dinner at the *osteria*, we commenced our researches. I ascended to the ruined castle which crowns the town, and examined it with attention, but could find no part of it of real antiquity. It is evidently a work of the middle ages. But the view amply repaid my trouble in ascending. The sun had set behind the distant peaks of *Elba*, distinguished from the more near heights of *Popolonia* and *Piombino* by their deep blue tint; below lay the forests of *Vetletta*. Imagine with what interest I gazed on this scene; on the country which on the morrow I was to explore, and in which I hoped and expected to find grand ruins, hitherto little visited and examined—remains of the splendour of interesting Etruria. On returning to the *osteria*, I found my companion, and the usual dinner—hot water with bread floating in it, by a strange misnomer called *soup*; a blackbird or two roasted, with sage-leaves; some black bread; some sour wine; and a rotten apple for dessert. Having satisfied our appetites with this fare, my friend and I retired to rest, and did manage to sleep, spite of the *fleas*.

Early the next morning we again set out, accompanied by a guide, who, for the modicum of two pauls (10d.), agreed to set us on the high road to *Piombino*. Having jogged for a couple of miles down the descent from *Campiglia*, we found ourselves on the shores of a lake, fed by the waters of the *Caldane*, which makes the surrounding country unhealthy. Formerly the sea broke into this lake, and rendered the waters brackish. RUTILIUS probably alludes to it when he says:

*Vix tuti domibus proxima villa mei  
Subjectas villa vacat adspectare salinas.*

The lake is now called *di Torre Vecchia*, from a tower which stands on its shores, and near which we entered the high road to *Piombino*. Our little driver was very anxious to proceed direct to that place, and it was only by threatening that we could induce him to leave the road and drive across the country towards *Popolonia*. The lofty promontory on which *Popolonia* stands projects boldly into the sea, and forms a fine harbour called *Porto Baratta*. After a winding ascent of perhaps two miles, we reached all that remains of *Popolonia*, once a populous city, and now a most miserable village.

*Popolonia* was an ancient Etruscan city of great naval importance; its port was spacious; and Elba not being above fifteen miles distant, the ores of that island were transported hither, smelted, and made fit for use. In the time of LEANDRO ALBERTI the ruins of the foun-dries were still visible. VIRGIL, STRABO, LIVY, and PLINY, make mention of *Popolonia*; STRABO particularly describes it as standing on a lofty hill advancing into the sea. On the summit stood a tower, from which the passage of the tunny was watched, and from which might be seen the Isles of Elba, Sardinia, Corsica, &c. LIVY says this was an important city in the time of the second Punic war; and that, in the civil war between MARIUS and SYLLA, it, with *Volterra*, sustained a siege in which it suffered much, nothing being left but the temples of the gods and a few houses. It was afterwards restored and re-peopled; but its final ruin is attributable to the Lombards, as certified by the dialogues of Gregory the Great. It afterwards became a part of the Pisan Republic. Immediately on the summit of the hill there stands a fort, the foundations of which are of huge masses of *travertine* piled one upon another, after the most approved method of Roman construction. In the centre of the fort rises a tower, the upper part of which is modern, but the lower antique: this may be the tower mentioned by STRABO. We visited the church, now a mere hovel, but which formerly was what the Italians call a *chiesa vescovile*. The only memorandum of its having been of consequence is, that the bishop of the neighbouring *Massa* takes the title of Bishop of *Popolonia*. Besides the above-mentioned remains, we observed, on a height opposite the village, several arches of Roman construction, ruins, probably, of baths or *ambulacri*, and in various places remains of what may have been the original walls of the city. The construction is peculiar, the stones being rectangular, and put together without cement. The stones are of the same name and nature as the surrounding rocks. I am not aware that *travertine* is found in this neighbourhood; that used in the construction of the fort must have been brought from a distance.

The costume of the inhabitants of *Popolonia* is not remarkable; but they seem a healthy race: their habitations occupying so elevated a situation, the air is pure.

We made inquiries for coins, and several were shown us; but none of any value. Their possessors seemed to be of a different opinion; they had heard that at Florence as much as a *zecchino* (9s.) had been paid for a coin; so that we could have made no bargain, had we wished to buy the trash offered us.

Having examined all that remains of antiquity at this spot, we returned through forests of cork-trees to the high road, and after a drive

of a few miles reached *Piombino*. LEANDRO ALBERTI says that this town was originally called *Popolino*, a diminutive of *Populonia*, a name afterwards corrupted into *Piombino*. The town is clean, and the houses have a respectable appearance. It is fortified in the modern style, and appertained originally to Prince LUDOVISI BUONCOMPAGNI,\* but was given to Tuscany, together with Elba, by the Congress of Vienna. Having dined very comfortably, we held a council how we were to proceed. Wishing to see the works going on at *Castiglione*, we resolved to hire a boat and go there by sea, aware that the next thirty miles of our journey would not repay us the trouble of going by land, and that we should be obliged to leave out *Castiglione*, and go direct to *Grosseto*. My friend and I walked down to the port, and addressing the first boatman we met, after some haggling made a bargain. Although the journey was so short, it was necessary to procure bills of health, which cost us some money. Accompanied by three sailors, we set sail about four in the afternoon; a light and favourable breeze gently agitated the sea, and wafted us across the gulf formed by the projecting headlands of *Capo della Campana* and *Capo di Troja*, the entrance being defended from the winds by various islands, and the anchorage excellent. This was an asylum of the Roman fleets; and TRAJAN built a port, to which he gave his name, but of which nothing remains, except the corrupted name of *Troja*, applied to the headland near. At the bottom of the gulf there is a small harbour called *Porto Faleri*, formerly *Portus Faleria*. As we doubled the *Capo di Troja*, passing between it and a rock called *Isola Troja*, the moon arose, and the breeze freshening, we soon reached the canal of *Castiglione della Pescaya*. On entering the harbour, our noses were offended by the smell of the waters discharged from the lake; I rose to jump ashore, our knavish sailors saying not a word, when a sentinel called to us, ordering us to remain on board till sunrise. Conceive our surprise! the Italian blood of my friend boiled within him, and he abused the sailors in no measured terms; but they told us they were not to blame; health regulations did not permit us to take leave till sunrise, and so we must sleep in their abominable boat at the risk of a fever. Had we known this before leaving *Piombino*, we should have remained there several hours longer, and I could have made several sketches. "We must be resigned," said I to my friend. But I could not help laughing at his wo-begone appearance as he lay down on the mattress prepared for him, and kindly warned me not to sleep in that pestilential atmosphere, and prevented me from so doing by a lecture to the drowsy sailors, who, having spread a sail to save us from the dew, which fell like rain, stowed themselves in various parts of the little vessel, and fell asleep, wearied

\* The present Prince of Piombino is very rich, and keeps the greater part of his fortune, in hard cash, shut up in a room of one of his palaces. As the weight of the enormous sum was too much for the strength of the floor, masons were employed to build pillars beneath. I have heard this prince, who thus keeps so vast a mass of wealth unemployed, proposed in conversation as a minister of finance. He is a possessor of some of the finest antique statues in Rome, and of the celebrated *Aurora* of QUERCINO; but the churlish grandee refuses to show them to foreigners, although he does not inhabit the mansion they adorn.

out in body and soul. Having smoked to counteract the malaria, I followed their example, leaving my dolorous companion to his meditations.

Shortly after sunrise we were allowed to land, and it being found that we had neither the *cholera* nor the *plague*, we adjourned to a *caffè*, where we had breakfast. *Castiglione* stands on the side of a mountain, and is provided with a fortress, built in the middle ages, and restored by the *MEDICI*. The town has a dirty and miserable appearance, and the air may truly be called pestiferous, as of the few inhabitants who had remained in the place during the summer a considerable part had died, and the rest were still unwell. The town and its environs afford the painter many beautiful subjects for his pencil. I had time, whilst my companion bargained for a *calesse*, to take two sketches of the town and lake. On returning to the *caffè*, I overheard a strange conversation between the *Caffetiere* and the *Signor Curato* of *Castiglione*: they were talking of a miraculous image of the Virgin in the cathedral, in which she is represented black, as in various other pictures in Italy. "Our Saviour must have been a mulatto," said the *Caffetiere*. "Why so?" asked the Curate. "You know," rejoined the *Caffetiere*, "the Madonna was black: '*Nigra sum, sed formosa.*'" This observation, and the accompanying quotation, seemed to overwhelm the priest; for he made no reply. We learnt that, in a place near the port, excavations had been made, and that a mosaic pavement had been discovered, and several inscriptions; but unhappily we could not see these things. According to the learned Curate, on one of the stones was inscribed "*Are Vale Stratonica*," part of the inscription, probably, on a sepulchral urn. The worthy Bishop of Grosseto had likewise caused excavations to be made, but had only discovered great pipes of lead. No doubt there were Roman baths in this place; and from their situation they would enjoy the benefit of the sea water, and of fresh water from the lake. Certain it is that the place was considered by the luxurious Romans, with the bay of Naples, as a place of retirement from the factions of party and the noise of the city. After remaining about a couple of hours at *Castiglione*, we departed, having procured a good *calesse*, and a guide capable of conducting us.

Before us lay the vast and perfectly level plain of *Grosseto*, forming a grand amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by mountains, except one to the sea, from the pernicious winds of which the plain is defended by a broad belt of thick forest along the coast. Having crossed the bridge at the junction of the lake and canal, we entered the forest, almost entirely of pines. Our guide informed us that various murders had been committed in it, and gave us a story for every cross we passed. The lake which lay on our left was formerly known by the name of *Lacus Prilis*. *CICERO*, in his oration *Pro Milone*, speaks of an island which then existed in it; but this island has disappeared. *PLINY* gives the lake the above name, and calls a small river which flows into a neighbouring morass *Amnis Prilis*: the morass was called *Oncbro*, *Salebro*, or *Sallumbrone* (now *la Bruna*). The *Via Aurelia* lay along the north-east border of the lake. Passing through *Sallumbrone* (now *Scarlino*), *Salebro oppidum* (now *Burano*), we then traversed the little river *Alma Bruna*, which still preserves the same name. The level

of the *Lacus Prilis* is lower than that of the sea. The Grand Duke LEOPOLD, the first who wished to ameliorate the state of the *Maremma*, thought of preventing the entrance of the salt water, and the retreat of that of the lake in summer, which left much ground uncovered, marshy, full of stagnant pools, and covered with putrid herbage, which, affected by the ardent rays of the sun, destroyed the air, and filled the country with noxious insects. To remedy these evils, he ordered his architect, XIMENES, to make a canal from the river *Ombrone* to the lake, which, when the river swelled, would bring down quantities of sand and gravel, and fill and raise those parts of the lake that were full in winter and empty in summer, as just mentioned. This plan was not put into execution at the time, owing to certain unfavourable circumstances, but was again proposed to LEOPOLD II., the reigning duke, and was actually commenced and finished in the year 1830.

Upon reaching *Grosseto*, instead of entering the town, we proceeded onwards half a mile, that we might see the canal, which is certainly a fine work, about seven miles in length and twenty-five feet broad, and conducts, as was intended, a considerable portion of the waters of the *Ombrone* into the lake, causing, by the increase, a rush from the lake to the sea sufficiently powerful to prevent its waves in stormy weather from rolling into the lake. This is a great advantage; but, the outlet being insufficient, the water increased so much the following summer, that, breaking down the banks of the lake, it inundated the surrounding country.

In the year 1814, a malady called the *pettechiale*, or spotted fever, raged in Tuscany, and had its origin in this lake, and is attributable to the carelessness of the Government. Four hundred and five workmen were crowded together in the night in a few granaries, with rotting straw to sleep on, and afflicted by poisonous insects, and obliged to work in the day on the banks of the pestiferous lake; and a pestilence was the consequence. These poor people were fed with bread having lime mixed with the flour, and also the flour of a grain called *gioglio*, which has a dreadful effect on the health, causing fainting and vomiting for some time after taken. We could get no other bread in the *Maremma* than a sort which no description can do justice to, of an iron-grey colour, heavy and indigestible, and of so disgusting a taste that we preferred doing without it. As the above-described works in the *Maremma* have excited much interest in Italy, I have thought it necessary to be particular in my description of them; more particularly as the plain of *Grosseto* and the *Lacus Prilis* are of historical and scientific interest.

The plain was of great importance to the Etruscans. Four miles to the north of *Grosseto* stood a large city called *Roselle*, where there are at present copious springs of mineral water, and likewise the ruins of an antique fort called *Monona*. The Bishop of *Roselle* was a fanatical abettor of the ambition of GREGORY VII., and caused the entire destruction of his city; for the Emperor HENRY IV., to revenge himself on the Pope, marched against Rome in the year 1080 by the *Via Auriola*, then the most commodious and frequented road, and destroyed those of the Etruscan cities which had declared themselves his enemies. *Roselle* had been granted as a fief to the family of GREGORY VII.,

called *Aldobrandesca*, and he, according to every probability, built the neighbouring *Grosseto*, which at the end of the twelfth century fell under the power of the people of *Sienna*. *Grosseto* at that time was a populous city, having three thousand men capable of bearing arms. The spirit of independence took possession of its inhabitants, and they threw off the Siennese yoke; but, being at last defeated in battle, their former masters besieged and took their city, and almost destroyed it. But a fine memorial remains of their short period of liberty: the cathedral, the exterior of which is most elegant, in the mixed Roman and Saracenic style. According to two inscriptions on the building, this was erected by *TOLOMEO*, Duke of the *Grossetans*, in the year 1294, under the direction of an architect called *Sozio*. The cathedrals of *Sienna* and *Milan* were erected about the same time. Italian churches are generally built with a nave, and with at least one aisle on each side, which are generally rather more than half the height of the nave. This construction gives a peculiar form to the fronts—the lower story comprising the breadth of the nave and aisles, whilst the upper narrows to that of the nave; a circumstance rendering it difficult to design a good frontispiece for a church. A proof of this is seen in the numerous bad *façades* to be met with in every part of Italy. But if in the Roman style it becomes a difficulty, in the mixed it may be considered an advantage. The cathedral of *Grosseto* is an example: the upper story is surmounted by a cornice and pediment, with Roman mouldings, supported by boldly projecting pilasters without capitals, two on each side of a large Gothic circular window which has been lately restored. The lower story comprises, as usual, three doors richly ornamented, and surmounted by horse-shoe arches, as the roofs of the aisles slope up to the walls of the nave. In churches of the Roman style this causes the introduction of broken pediments, or of huge scrolls, uniting the upper and lower parts. In the cathedral of *Grosseto* the decoration is peculiarly elegant: through closely-set columns an open gallery is visible crossing the whole front. Various statues and emblems of the Evangelists decorate the exterior of the building, which is coated in stripes with dark purple-and-white marble, to which time has given a beautiful tinge. The interior is miserable, and the work of a late period. One of the vases for holy water had fish carved in it, as in those of the *duomo* of *Sienna*.

*Grosseto* is surrounded by brick walls, built by the *MEDICI* in the sixteenth century to preserve the inhabitants from the incursions of the Saracens. The population in winter amounts to about 5,000, in summer to 450, all those who can afford it retiring to the mountains during the latter season. We met one family on their return: they were all mounted on horseback, men, women and children, and carried their household goods, and their *Lares* and *Penates*, their *Madonna*, and their favourite saints, along with them. *Grosseto* is a place of commercial importance, and the race of horses produced in the neighbouring country is considered excellent.

To proceed onwards from *Grosseto*, we rose earlier even than the morning mists, which, as we left this place, seemed to hem us in on all sides, hiding from us the surrounding country, whilst the towers of the town and the distant mountains rose as it were out of a sea of flaky

surges. The sun soon dispelled the fog, and we perceived that we were journeying through the most cultivated part of the Grossetan plain, but on the wide extended surface of which we could perceive nor cottages nor dwellings of any sort, except the hut of the shepherd, exactly resembling the description of the American wigwam. The *Ombrone* bounds the plain, a river of considerable depth, and which, according to PLINY, was in his time navigable to some distance from the sea. It took its name from the *Umbri*, a people who inhabited one district of the country it flows through. We crossed the *Ombrone* in a boat, and shortly after reached the *Albarese*, the name of a great building on an estate belonging to the Prince CORSIINI. My companion conceived that this might be the site of the ancient *Eba*, as *Ebarese*, belonging to *Eba*, may have been corrupted into *Albarese*. Winding round the low hill on which the building just mentioned stands, the road enters a delicious valley, smiling with cultivation. High and wood-clad hills rising to our right, prevented our seeing the sea. On one of the loftiest peaks we observed a ruined castle, which our guide informed us is called *Castello della Regina*. The ancient *Hasta* stood in this vicinity: perhaps the castle marks its position. As we approached the termination of the valley we perceived the sea, calm, and in the present view so completely land-locked, that it rather seemed a vast lake. As we advanced, *Telamon* opened upon us, situate in a most picturesque and romantic manner on a low promontory which projects into the sea to a considerable distance, forming, with an opposite cape, a secure harbour. The town is surmounted by a castle, and is likewise defended by high walls flanked with square towers; the approach is by a road having the sea on one side and a marsh on the other, into which the sea flows in stormy weather. Beyond the marsh we observed ruins of considerable magnitude, but we deferred visiting them until we should see the town, which we found exceeded all our previous experience in the way of filth and misery. It is garrisoned by a few soldiers, and there lie on the ramparts two or three pieces of dismounted ordnance. The entrance is tortuous, the streets steep and dirty, and the houses or hovels and the church are all of a piece with the rest. As in every town in Italy there is a *caffè*, we asked for that of *Telamon*, that we might breakfast. The instant we entered our organs of sight and smelling were so offended, that we were forced to retreat: we returned to the place where we had left our vehicle, and breakfasted on some deliciously fresh fish.

According to DIODORUS SICULUS, *Telamon* was founded by the Argonauts, and was known to the Romans by the name of *Portus Telamo*. It is impossible to say any thing certain of its origin. CLUVERIUS is of opinion that it was founded at least 1200 years before the Christian era, and it was, probably, a Pelasgian city, its harbour offering a secure place of refuge to the ships of the piratical people of that name. But the most important period of its history seems to have been that of the war between SYLLA and MARIUS. The latter chief, returning from Africa, disembarked at *Telamon*, and quickly formed an army of thirty thousand men, chiefly slaves. The inhabitants of this spot and its vicinity supported with impatience the Roman yoke, and hoped on this occasion to break the chains which so severely galled them; marching to Rome, they triumphantly entered the city.

The consequences are well known ; the slaves of Telamon were long remembered by the Romans.

After remaining a sufficient time to refresh our horse, and having paid a rather exorbitant bill, we returned towards the ruins near the marsh. We found them of vast extent, and, from their appearance, judged them to be of the best time of Roman building. Creeping into a hole which I observed in a part of the ruins, I found myself in a large chamber, lighted from above like those in the baths of *Titus* at Rome ; the aperture was surrounded by foliage, and the ivy was hanging clustering down into the vault ; a small opening, broken probably by the country people, in one of the lateral walls, afforded me access to a second chamber, precisely similar to the first ; on hands and knees I crept into several of these rooms, in the vain hope of seeing *fresco* painting on the plastered walls. On returning to my companion, I found him shouting with all his might, wondering what had become of me ; and after examining the rest of the ruins, we came to the conclusion that they were baths ; the pavement, where we could discover it, was of mosaic, and we observed, strewed about, architectural fragments of white marble, and numerous pieces of coloured marble ; so that these baths must have been of great magnificence. They have been built on an admirably-chosen situation, sheltered by hills, and commanding an extended prospect. Probably, if excavations were made, some light would be thrown on the history of these interesting ruins. Having indulged ourselves for an hour in wandering among what we called the *Terme di Telamone*, and I having made a sketch of part of them, we returned to our impatient guide, and went on our way. Two miles further, ruins, partly hidden by green foliage, attracted our attention. On examining these, I found them to be four equidistant niches, evidently parts of a considerable temple. On some of them traces of *fresco* painting were visible.

The country, as we proceeded, seemed to teem with remains. To those on the roadside we were justified by their appearance, and by the well-known custom of the ancients, in giving the name of tombs. We soon reached the river *Osa*, which we crossed in a ferry-boat. The hut of the ferryman and his family was built on the ruins of a monument, and we observed traces of the pavement of the *Via Aurelia*, and near the river a huge substructure, which served to raise the road to a level with a bridge over the *Osa*, the ruined piers of which still remain. The *Osa* preserves its original name. A few miles more brought us to the *Albegna*, formerly the *Albinia*, which bathes the walls of *Saturnia*, supposed to be the city inhabited by SATURN, first king of Italy. We crossed this river as we had the *Osa*, and in like manner saw the ruins of a bridge ; but the ferryman here (a soldier) does not inhabit a miserable hut, but a stately garrisoned tower, built (as a Latin inscription tells the traveller) by PHILIP II. of Spain, when master of these countries.

We were now approaching *Orbetello* ; and having crossed the plain of the *Albegna*, the last of the desolate *Maremma* flats, we found ourselves near the bases of low hills, on which, although somewhat distant, we thought we perceived various ruins. I wished to examine them ; but the lateness of the hour and their distance from the road prevented me, and we were obliged to content ourselves with such as, being close to

the road, might be observed *en passant*. Three arches of an aqueduct indicated that in this neighbourhood there had been a city of importance. *Orbetello* is advantageously situate on a tongue of land projecting into a lagoon, or salt-water lake, of very considerable extent. Opposite the town rises the great *Mons Argentarius*, which is only prevented from being an island by a long isthmus between the lagoon and the sea that unites it to the land. The land side of *Orbetello* is fortified, and we passed into the town by means of a drawbridge, thrown over a deep and wide moat filled with water. We were *not* stopped at the gate. And here I may observe, that we were never asked for our passports on the whole journey ; nor were we troubled and taxed in the vexatious way practised on the high roads of Italy. We found that the town inside had a respectable appearance, and we stopped at a very decent inn, where our first care was to secure beds, and order supper. As there was still an hour or two of daylight to come, we sallied out, and directed our steps to the water's edge. Arriving at the little port and turning round, we simultaneously gave a shout of delighted surprise : " Oh ! undescribed—oh ! rarely-visited relics !" exclaimed my companion with all the enthusiasm of an antiquary. The walls of the town on this side, as far as the eye could reach, were of Etruscan or Pelasgian origin. Great irregularly-shaped masses of stone ; the joints so managed, notwithstanding the inconvenient shapes of the stones, as to fit perfectly. The height of the wall seemed about twelve or fourteen feet. Jumping into the nearest boat, I ordered the boatman to pull round close to the walls, that I might see their extent ; and I found they embraced about two miles of the town. They have no projecting towers, but are built close to the edge of the water, following the sinuosities of the shore. In drawing off in a straight line from the port, I perceived, under the shallow water, square masses of masonry, and by questioning the boatman I learnt that these masses continued to the opposite shore, a mile distant. A bridge had in former times united the town to the mountain, and must have been a fine work. Various antiquaries who have written on Etruria without having visited it confound *Orbetello* with *Cosa* or *Cossa*, which latter was a colony of the *Vulcentines*, on the sea-shore, several miles from *Orbetello*, at the head of the lagoon. *Orbetello* probably takes its name from the roundness of its form. It was a part of the dominions of the celebrated Countess MATILDA, and is now the last Tuscan town on the coast. The *duomo* or cathedral seems to be of the same date as that of *Grosseto*, but has not by any means so interesting an exterior. The inhabitants do not wear any particular costume ; many of them live by fishing in the lagoon, which they do chiefly by night. Their boats are of a peculiar and very ingenious construction, flat-bottomed, the lagoon they are intended to navigate being very shallow, never exceeding six feet. These boats incline equally to the bow and to the stern, which are both flat a-midships ; a strong piece of wood is firmly fixed across the boat, projecting two feet and a half on each side ; on the ends small pieces of board are nailed, and on this the oars play ; the handle of the oar being so far from the fulcrum, and nearly balancing the broad blade, renders the working very easy. The fishermen stand and push, whilst a boy sits and pulls a cord fastened to both oars ; and they thus proceed with ease at the rate

of six miles an hour. The contrivance appeared to me most ingenious, and the results satisfactory ; and it may, perhaps, give some notion of how the oars were managed in the double and triple-banked galleys of the ancients. These boats are also furnished with small lateen sails.

We met a friend of my companion when we returned to our inn, a dragoon, who promised to dine with us ; and we found that a fourth had been added to our party, in a *mercante di campagna*, or country merchant. Our dinner was just finished, when the doctor of the place made his appearance, a ridiculous-looking scarecrow. Having asked in what language the *forestieri* (foreigners) were capable of conversing in, he sat down, and I poured him out a bumper ; whereupon he assumed an inspired air, and addressed us in some impromptu verses highly complimentary, of which I now only remember the last word—" *Inghilterra*" (England). Our pleasant interloper amused us with his conversation until it was time to retire. We had taken the precaution of ordering mosquito nets ; but, alas ! it was in vain : the detested insects found holes to enter by, and, ravenous for their prey, prevented all sleeping. So we both rose, and passed the night, my friend in writing his journal, and I in finishing my sketches.

Long ere daylight appeared, we abandoned our room, and descended into the street ; and finding a coffee-house open, ordered coffee, and waited the coming of the morn. Our trusty gondolier made his appearance at the appointed hour, and embarking, we were rapidly conveyed to the opposite shore, whence a walk of three miles round the base of the *Monte Argentario* brought us to *Port' Ercole*, most romantically situated on a projecting rock, and rivalling *Telamon* in filth, though more numerously populated. Its inhabitants bear a bad character. On every height around the town frowns a fortress or tower, built by the Spaniards, and at one time considered impregnable. One of these forts is provided with subterranean chambers, which are, as our guide told us, a curiosity to behold. We had walked from the place of landing to *Port' Ercole* with a person whom we accidentally met. My friend, in speaking of Tuscany, forgot, for the time, the caution of an Italian, and gave his opinion most freely on her villainous agricultural system ; and although politics were not introduced, yet there were some *hits* at the high powers. I observed that our guide seemed uneasy as the conversation increased in energy. At the termination of our walk, our new acquaintance left us with a civil bow ; and the boatman coming close up, said in a whisper, " That is the chief of the *sbirri*" (police). My companion looked rather disconcerted, and vowed more caution in future in talking to unknown, although civil personages. *Port' Ercole*, which preserves its ancient name, was the harbour of the neighbouring *Cossa*, and was one of the principal ports of the Romans.

After remaining a short time in what my companion termed the "*Orrido Port' Ercole*," we returned to our boat, and rowed up the lagoon towards the hill of *Ansidonia*, on the summit of which, in the midst of thick woods, we could indistinctly perceive buildings of great size. In about an hour our boat grounded about fifty yards from the shore, to which our trusty boatman quickly transported us ; and having secured his flask, he trudged on before us. We at once plunged into the woods, and, following a narrow path, advanced towards the still dis-

tant mount. We perceived traces of pavement and of foundations, indicating the former existence of numerous buildings where now all is forest ; and in the course of an hour's rapid walking we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves at the base of the hill. The ascent was by a steep, rocky pathway, on which we could trace the marks of wheels deep in the stone. After surmounting the difficulties of this path, we suddenly entered upon the ancient ascent to the city. The paving-stones still remain, and the road has been very broad, at least thirty feet. Among the bushes on either side, we observed ivy-grown ruins, evidently tombs : on examining one, we found the cinerary vases still in their places and unbroken. These tombs are all of Roman construction. Reaching at length to the summit of the steep ascent, we stood before the Cyclopean gate of *Cosa*. My powers of description are quite inadequate to do justice to the scene before us, stretching away on each side : enormous walls, formed of huge masses of stone piled on each other to the height of forty feet, flanked by great towers, at regular intervals, of the same construction ; their summits crowned with foliage in all the wild luxuriance of savage nature ; before us the open gate seemed to invite our entrance. You may conceive with what reverence we passed the porch, surrounded on all sides by the mighty and enduring works of unknown ages, and which we had approached through the long lines of the tombs of the once inhabitants. Within the gate some vaults of Roman construction attracted our attention, and while endeavouring to penetrate into one of them, a snake suddenly dropped at my feet from the bushes above, and glided away before me into the vault, as if to give warning of the danger of entering this abode of reptiles. We continued our route until, reaching the summit of the hill, we could form some idea of the extent of the wondrous walls. They embrace a circuit of several miles, are in admirable preservation, built of great irregularly-shaped stones, but worked with the chisel, so as to be perceptibly not of the first era of Etruscan building. We could find no traces of buildings within the walls ; but on the most commanding height, next the sea, there were considerable remains of a Lombard castle. The view on all sides is beautiful, and I greatly lamented that the day closed so quickly on this part of our pursuit.

*Cosa* was a city of Etruscan or Pelasgian origin. PLINY gives it the name of *Vulcentium*, perhaps because it was once a colony of Vulcentines. STRABO, in his tenth book, observes that after *Popolonia* comes *Cosa*, at a short distance from the sea, more near to which stands *Port' Erecole*. TACITUS likewise makes mention of it in his annals ; and some fragments of another author I have met with inform us, that in *Cosa* there was a fountain, into which, if a vase full of wine were placed, it immediately became vinegar. Under FABIUS and CLAUDIUS, consuls in the four hundred and eightieth year of Rome, *Cosa* became a Roman colony. Certain it is, that this was a city of great antiquity and importance ; but vain were the attempt to discover who were its first inhabitants and founders. History, however, has recorded its subsequent fate. It was taken by the Goths and destroyed ; but was rebuilt by DESIDERIUS, king of the Lombards, who gave it the name of *Ansdonia*. In the eleventh century the Countess MATILDA became its mis-

tress. It was afterwards ceded to the ALDOBRANDESCA family, and afterwards became, with *Grosseto*, the prey of the Siennese, who reduced it to its present miserable condition. In the time of the Empire, *Cosa* did not occupy the summit of the hill, but spread away on the plain below, towards the sea and the lagoon.

The second night we passed in *Orbetello* more comfortably than the first, and before sunrise were already on the road. Advancing along the banks of the lagoon, we again found ourselves under the hill of *Ansidonia*; and winding round its base, we approached the sea on the opposite side of the hill, which we found rocky and abrupt. Close to the sea, and cut in the face of the precipice, we were astonished at the sight of a huge rectangular chamber (if I may give such a name to a space uncovered and having only three sides) in the side next the sea. A regularly-shaped passage was cut in the rock, and at the bottom of it we could see the sea rippling among the stones; in the opposite corner yawned a ragged fissure, into which our guide (the before-mentioned dragoon) preceded us. Groping for some time, we entered a large and irregular space, faintly illuminated by rays of light, which struggled through thick foliage surrounding an aperture overhead; we here entered another narrow, dark and tortuous passage, which opened into a cavern of much larger dimensions than the first, and of great height, likewise open at top. The ground, covered with huge masses of rock, prevented our going farther. These caverns are termed by the people who inhabit the surrounding country, *i Bagni della Regina* (the Queen's Baths). According to CLUVERIUS, the extravagant DOMITIAN formed in the neighbourhood of *Cosa* great reservoirs for fish. These caverns must certainly be the remains of the reservoirs to which that author alludes, and which, passing under the hill of *Ansidonia*, communicated with the sea on one side, and with the lake of *Orbetello* on the other. Quitting the cave, we walked down to the shore, and, from the numerous fragments of buildings on this side the hill, were convinced that *sub-Cosa* must have extended over the plain on this side as well as on the other.

I need not give you any description of the tract of country which we passed during the remainder of our journey, as, although interesting in classical associations, the route towards Civita Vecchia presents no remains of antiquity worthy of particular notice; and that from Civita Vecchia to Rome is a path already beaten by the curious traveller.

C. H. W.

## THE YOUNG CACIQUE.

BY W. L. H.

[The following Poem is founded on a tradition respecting a *Cacique*, or Chief, of New Grenada, who fell a sacrifice to tyranny in Spanish conquest.]

On ! he who Hector round the leaguer'd wall  
 With trampling steeds and blood-stain'd chariot drew,  
 Was sung by thee, 'mongst bards the king of all,  
 And clothed in glory beaming yet and new—  
 Immortal proof of what the harp can do,  
 When those have touch'd the deeply-sounding wire,  
 Who, bless'd indeed, have quaff'd Castalian dew—  
 Phrenzy their mother, Liberty their sire,  
 And circled, too, their brows with crowns of living fire !

And other names, renown'd for feats of arms,  
 For suasive tongue, and senatorial sway,  
 Still owe to song their freshness and their charms,  
 And pow'r of shining in the world for aye.  
 But he of whom I pour a tuneless lay  
 Ne'er knew the bard to share his princely grief,  
 Nor raise his valour to the light of day ;—  
 Yet these wild hymnings, though their date be brief,  
 Shall chant thy honour'd fall, young brave Columbian chief !

The glorious land thy life was lost to save—  
 (How oft, alas, the patriot dies in vain !)—  
 At last hath sprung from thraldom's icy grave,  
 And hush'd the clanking of that cruel chain  
 By Spaniard brought far o'er the western main ;  
 And now she rises Freedom's loveliest star—  
 While many a tongue relates, in raptured strain,  
 The mighty deeds among the ranks of war  
 Done by that deathless man, the conquering Bolivar !

The chief Maseca, when the fight was o'er—  
 His brethren slaughter'd, and the conchs were still—

Without a hope his step to beam before,  
 Swam through the tide, and climb'd the lonely hill ;  
 And curses, ire, and sighs his bosom fill,  
 When he beholds the white men burn his home—  
 The sons of Spain, those demons wed to ill,  
 Who left their vines, their dance, and Moorish dome,  
 To scourge the hapless tribes that dwelt beyond the foam.

Away, away the vanquish'd warrior sped,  
 Till Night her pall had drawn athwart the sky ;  
 Then to the cot he turn'd his weary head,  
 Where love's bright fountain flow'd full pleasantly ;  
 And she, the loadstar of his youthful eye,  
 Soon clasps him panting to her longing breast—  
 Hangs, too, his spear upon the roof on high,  
 And gives him drink from cocoa-fruit express'd,  
 Consoles his sorrow'd heart, and soothes his woes to rest.

“ Oh ! loved Cincevy,” said the wayworn youth,  
 As warm and frequent fell affection’s tear,  
 “ In thee abound rare constancy and truth—  
 Thou art my dove, my only stay, my fear ;  
 Had not thy charms been unprotected here,  
 I should not thus have hasten’d to thy side—  
 I would have made the battle-field my bier,  
 And many a white man ‘neath this arm had died,  
 Ere once my blood had tinged the eagle’s plume of pride.”

“ Had not thy footfall met mine ear to-night,”  
 Cried she, the idol of Maseca’s love,  
 “ These eyes could ne’er have look’d on morning’s light ;  
 The mountain torrent o’er my limbs would move,  
 Long ere the sun could flash the hills above.”—  
 Here fell the accents of her quiv’ring tongue—  
 Yet smiles her fondness and devotion prove,  
 As, while with heart to heart’s caress they clung,  
 Sleep o’er the brave and beautiful its mantle flung.

Thus loved and loving in their quiet cot  
 Pass’d smoothly on their silken-winged hours ;  
 Theirs was a peaceful, though a humble lot,  
 As day by day they walk’d amid those bowers

By nature form'd of all her choicest flowers :  
There palms, and olives, and acacias grew ;  
And birds, whose plumage shames this land of ours,  
Display'd their wings of gold, and green and blue,  
As round the lovers' path the gorgeous creatures flew.

At early morn, and oft at purple e'en,  
With death-wing'd arrow, and the supple bow,  
The chief Maseca roving might be seen,  
Intent to kill the blithe and bounding roe—  
And all rejoicing, swiftly he would go  
O'er many a rock, and many a stream, to where  
The white, fantastic jessaminas grow ;  
For thence it was his best delight to bear  
The blossom pearl'd with dew to deck Cincevy's hair.

When rose in skies of blue the sunlike moon—  
(Diana's glory's in the tropic clime)—  
The pair, they wander'd round the broad lagoon,  
Or sate o'er shadow'd by the bending lime.  
But little reck'd they of the gloomy time,  
Which now, ay me ! was coming near at hand,  
When savage Spaniards, stain'd with every crime,  
Like locusts sweeping o'er the lovely land,  
Would seize Cincevy's lord with glittering gun and brand.

'Twas burning noon, the glama laid him down  
In green savannahs, faint with toil and heat ;  
The bee-like bird, of tiny golden crown,  
Humm'd nigh Maseca's vine-embower'd retreat—  
When, hark ! the tramp of hurrying foemen's feet,  
As down they rush'd into that lowly glen—  
O God ! Cincevy's heart, so soft and sweet,  
Is pierced by sword of those Castilian men,  
And thou, Maseca, thou hast raised thine arm in vain !

Ah ! vain indeed the boldness on thy brow,  
The flashing eye-ball, and the war-whoop strong,  
Against the steel of those that gird thee now ;  
They are a fiendlike and a cruel throng,  
To whom nor tears nor mercy doth belong :  
A chief thou art—and that the spoilers know,

As stern they bind thee, with their iron thong,  
 To six young slaves, whose worth they deem is low ;  
 And, see ! they laugh to scorn thy fate so full of woe.

“ A chief like thee,” in cool, deriding tone,  
 The Spaniards spoke to him before them bound,  
 “ Knows hidden gold that he may call his own,  
 And therefore tell us where it may be found.”  
 Their gibe, too, oft runs merrily around,  
 As one with torches to the cottage came,  
 And fiery clouds full soon the roof surround,  
 Where furious upward rose the crackling flame,  
 And fair Cincevy’s form was hurl’d to swell their shame.

“ Oh ! may the lightnings of the mighty Lord—  
 Him whom ye worship with the bended knee—  
 Strike dumb the bearers of the bloody sword,  
 That tore the tie that bound my love and me ;  
 And whilst ye sail the ever-sounding sea,  
 May tempests rouse the black and billowy brine,  
 Fill all your homes with death and misery,  
 And wound your hearts as ye have wounded mine,  
 When cursed ye took a life—Cincevy ! like to *thine*.

“ And can ye, white men of the sordid soul,”  
 Resumed the raging and the wrong’d Cacique—  
 “ And can ye deem that I, ‘neath whose control  
 A thousand warriors rose their ire to wreak,  
 Will show the caves where lies the gold ye seek,  
 While I am link’d to outcast slaves like *these* ?  
 No ! by that Heaven which animates the weak :—  
 Let Spaniards six—those whom ye call grandes—  
 Be chain’d to my young limbs, and mount the hoar Andes ! ”

The thirst for gold, unwaning, strong, and deep,  
 Sway’d all-triumphant in the Spaniards’ heart ;  
 Their thought by day, their dream in hour of sleep—  
 “ Gold, gold,” from them could ne’er indeed depart.  
 And thus, Maseca, gladly freed thou art,  
 Of those low serfs who felt the fetter’s bane—  
 Behold six Spaniards share thy bonds and smart,  
 So ill could they their love of lucre rein—  
 How strange ! the conquerors wear, sought by themselves, the chain !

The sad Maseca, rest of all he loved—  
His friends, his home, his bride, all swiftly gone—  
Bound to the foe, right onward now he moved,  
Beneath a sun whose orb unclouded shone,  
With all the splendour of the fiery zone ;  
And lizards, basking in the noon-day beam,  
Betray'd those hues the rainbow e'en might own ;  
And butterflies, with blue celestial gleam,  
Were sporting round the banks of each meandering stream.

The Chief at length the mountains 'gan to climb,  
The white men with him, as my song hath told—  
Loud rings their chain, as up the path sublime  
They drag their feet to reach the stores of gold :—  
Ne'er shall they leave the precipices old !—  
Ne'er shall they more upon the plains descend !—  
Their hour is come !—their grave, deep, dark, and cold,  
Will ne'er be silent while those pine trees bend,  
And wave their hallow'd boughs when winds and thunders blend.

'Twas on a verge—a giddy verge—they stood,  
The young Cacique, and Spanish band, his foe,  
Each chain'd to each, upon the pathway rude,  
The heavens above, a chasm deep below :—  
Now, now, the Chieftain gave his final blow !—  
Boldly he sprang from off the sterile mound—  
The Spaniards shriek'd, for *after* him they go—  
There was a crash—and then a wailing sound,  
As each and all went down that dread profound !

'Twas done—the oppressors and the brave oppress'd  
Had both the torrent for their wat'ry shroud ;  
The condor scream'd the requiem for their rest,  
Spreading his pinions like a tempest cloud,  
And waking echoes dissonant and loud :—  
While phantom forms are seen, 'tis said, to sail  
(A dreary, awful, and an evil crowd)  
Upon the rushings of the midnight gale,  
To tell the deeds of woe that dye this tearful tale.

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## FINE ARTS.

*Specimens of Wood-Engraving, Historical, Topographical, &c.* By M. U. SEARS. 8vo. London, 1833.

HERE, under a very modest title-page, we find a work which, in our opinion, might have been put forth with much higher pretensions to public notice and favour.

We scarcely know how to deal with this exceedingly handsome publication. For, though it appears, from the form in which it is brought out, to have been principally intended as a means of information for publishers, respecting the price of wood-engravings, according to their size, style, and the nature of the subjects to be represented, it is, for the greater part of it, so beautiful a production of its kind as to deserve much commendation as a work of art, and to be well worthy of a place on the shelf of the patron of true merit in the Fine Arts.

The first subject alone, an ancient *Stone Pulpit* (in the Abbey Garden, Shrewsbury), is, if we are to judge of the value of such things by the labour and time devoted, the talent displayed, and the degree of success towards perfection attained in them, worth full as much as the price of the whole book. It is scarcely conceivable, without seeing it, that such a perfect distribution of light and shadow, so much delicacy of delineation, and such an accurate impress of minute architectural detail, could be wrought by the artist on a mere slab of wood.

*Tattershall Castle* (in Lincolnshire) is a very elegant work : nineteen out of every twenty, who should see it framed and glazed, would suppose it to be a fine impression from an expensive copper-plate. But perhaps the most meritorious, upon the whole, of the architectural subjects, is *St. Augustine's Gate* (at Canterbury). In the way of engraving on wood, we do not remember to have ever seen any thing that pleased us so much as this.

Two scenes of HOGARTH'S *Mariage à la Mode* are executed in a style which the great painter would have praised. Among these *specimens* there are engravings of a variety of animals, which are so many examples in proof of the admirable fitness with which this department of engraving furnishes illustration for works of science. Some of these are given by Mr. SEARS in a most spirited and masterly manner. The noble *Lion* and the slyly-prowling *Panther* are especially worthy of critical approbation. There is both a freedom of execution and a fineness of touch in the finish of these, with which we can find little to compete among the works of others the artist's rivals whose productions are the most studied and elaborate. There are *eighty-five specimens* in all. Of one class, the *Rialto at Venice* has conspicuous merit. If this, and those of other classes comprised in the collection, are to be considered of minor merit, we shall call them so only in comparison with those other evidences of Mr. SEARS's own ability to which he has given precedence in arranging the contents of his volume.

It would be denying bare justice to the efforts of this artist if we were not to recommend them, and strongly recommend them, to the

attention of all who take an interest in the progress of that art in which such efforts have entitled him to distinction. If he continue to produce such specimens as those we have particularly pointed out, we sincerely hope that he may, by encouragement, be enabled to smile at the unworthy malice, or the ignorance, of that individual, who has disgraced the pages of one of our contemporaries by lavishing praises upon as utter a wood-waster as ever chopped blocks in Europe, and by abusing the author of the really deserving work now before us.

There is but one thing about this work that we regret or find fault in: the fault, too, is not with the artist, and our regret is all for his sake. It must be obvious, to any one of the slightest taste or judgment in such matters, that Mr. SEARS's volume of *Specimens* contains some pieces of a character to which the title of "*Specimen*" is by no means adequate.

It is the boast of professors in the *Fine Arts*, that that which the world derives from their pursuits tends to the enlightening of the minds, and, consequently, to the bettering of the dispositions of men. They are by no means content that what is commonly called the "*Fine Arts*" should be excluded from contemplation in OVID's "*ingenuas artes*" :—

— *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*  
*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

Which lines every artist who learns a little Latin when a boy is sure to have to get by heart, and is not less sure to apply them to his avocation when a man. And yet, if we observe the conduct of many of the pretenders in those arts which are distinguished as being *fine*, how much do we see, in their disposition towards each other in a critical way, of truly barbarian rudeness—how much of the *ferus* appears in the manners of some of those who pretend at once to understand and to cherish the *ingenuas artes*! The criticism of the writer to whom we have alluded is an instance of the ingenuous injustice and savage good behaviour of men of his sort. As, however, we happen in these matters to be free from those trammels of grosser interest to which even the professors of the peculiarly "*fine*" are liable, we have attempted to treat the subject in this case as it ought to be treated; and, in doing so, we cannot help expressing regret that the mode in which Mr. SEARS's best *Specimens* of his art have been published, should have been such as to attach much less importance to them than they ought to possess in the eyes of the public. This, however, cannot detract from their actual merit with the judicious, if it occasions some indifference among others. They were evidently intended to appear as something more than mere *Specimens*, and it is a pity that objects in themselves so inviting should have been brought out with a title, the invitation contained in which has the strange defect of being couched in terms of too little pretension.

## LETTER OF HENRY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

IT has often been remarked, that a fallacy may be repeated till it becomes a truth not only in the estimation of him deceived, but of him who originated the deception. There appears to us to be much reason to fear that a fallacy of this description exists in the almost universal feeling of satisfaction with our condition as to knowledge, and the means of its acquirement, which so peculiarly characterises the age in which we live. We doubt whether the "March," which we hear so often spoken of, is or has been a quicker pace than the army of inquirers has been pursuing for centuries; and though it does not admit of question that we are nearer the citadel than our ancestors, there appears reason to think that we do not duly estimate the services of those who planned the campaign, broke ground, and left us a record of their experience—that, in the confidence of success, we have left behind us some of the implements by the use of which great impediments have been overcome, though they are equally adapted to the surmounting of difficulties with which we have yet to labour, and, like the Roman soldier in Tacitus, exclaim "*Ecce Tiber!*" though there is nothing before us but the mirage of an unknown country.

The doctrine we reprobate is an evil of great magnitude, into the consideration of which it is not our purpose at present to enter, having been led to make these few observations only by the perusal of a very curious document, with which we here present our readers. It is a Letter of Instructions from HENRY, ninth Earl of Northumberland, to the Lord PERCY, his son, on his setting out on his travels—an operation which, from the time of JAMES I. (at least), the date of this letter, down to the time of Tristram Shandy, was deemed an essential part of a gentleman's education. Whether since the time of STERNE the original purpose of the grand tour has not in some degree been lost sight of, may admit of question; but if so, we may indulge the hope that the letter here copied may meet the eye of some modern gallant, and tend to his advantage.

The document is valuable, as unfolding to us what were the inquiries to which a man of education of the period when it was written deemed it right to direct the attention of his son, who, he appears to have foreseen, would in after-life have an important part to sustain in his own country. It is a detail of the means by which the "March" of the early part of the seventeenth century was accomplished, written with great clearness and strength, and with a modesty of tone which

very strongly contrasts with the style of a later period. The curious reader will not fail to perceive a very singular coincidence between the advice here given, and the well-known passage in *Hamlet*, in which Laertes on a like occasion receives the instructions of his father—a coincidence so remarkable, that we may almost suppose the present document was penned under the impression of a recent perusal of the dramatist.

The parties are well known in history—the son in particular, having in the “troubles” of the succeeding reign been called upon to bring into practice some of the maxims here inculcated. He was the chief of the Commissioners who, in 1643, were sent to Oxford to treat with CHARLES—that important negotiation, in which, as WHITELOCK informs us, he took a prominent part in discussions with the monarch.

The phraseology of this singular letter has not been altered, and though it shocks our antiquarian scrupulousness to be compelled to alter the orthography of the original, yet it could not have been retained but at the expense of repelling many readers from the uncouth appearance which the manner of spelling of the age when it was written presents to the eye unfamiliar with it. We have rather chosen to give it in its present shape than in the state we found it, that it may have its fair share of readers and admirers.

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“*Instructions for the Lord Percy, in his Travels; given by Henry, Earl of Northumberland.* [From the original MS. in the possession of the Right Honourable the Earl of EGREMONT.]

“ You must consider the end of your travels is not to learn apish gestures, or fashions of attires, or varieties of costly meats, but to gain the tongues, that hereafter, at your leisure, you may discourse with them that are dead, if they have left any worth behind them; talk with them that are present, if you have occasion; and confer with them that are absent, if they have bestowed upon us any thing fit for the view of the world; and so, by comparing the acts of men abroad with the deeds of them at home, your carriage may be made comely, your mind rich, and your judgment wise, to choose that is best and to eschew that is naught.

“ RELIGION is the first thing you are to use rightly to the honour of God; in which I doubt not but that you are as settled, as I need but give this caveat, that although in their religion you shall see many things worthy of scorn in your heart, yet do it not in your outward fashions, for so shall you free yourself from their offence: and to dispute to convert, is fitter for a greater doctor than yourself. Some churches of our profession you shall find allowed in most places; which if you go to, besides the benefit you shall get in being edified, you shall meet with very good language.

"For the regiment of your **HEALTH**, three things may appear dangerous: one, the distempers that may grow out of the violence of exercise; the other, drinking of wines in a country hotter than your own; the last, the excess of women, their bodies not being the freest from infections in the world: but, in all these, you must be your own best physician, as being best able to observe your own body, if you list; or else you are like to find the smart, and no man will be so feeling of your pains as yourself. Your constitution is moist, and therefore the more exercise will be required.

"In the attaining of the **TONGUES**, I wish the foundations may be laid grammatically at the first; which with you will not be a month's labour, having a piece of the scholar; for so if you forget, hereafter you shall easily renew, and know whether those that write or speak do it rightly. I know that conversation is the properest for speech, and reading for understanding; but both discreetly mixed is best of all. A sedentary or a studious life I know is not pleasing to youth; but it will be to age, when you must sit out of necessity of affairs, or for ease; and yet that necessity of ease or disease, if drawn on by over-sitting too young, I cannot allow of.

"Amongst the rest of your observations, the **LAWS** of the lands would not be passed over with a careless eye; not that I mean you should labour the whole course of the civil law, by which those kingdoms are chiefly governed; but to read their statute laws, and customary laws, that are most used: in this point I find our gentlemen to return home very defective and lame; for they neither know the course of justice, nor the customs of the country, almost in any fashion: therefore would I wish you to resort sometimes to their courts of parliaments, and other courts of justice, by which you shall hear the general causes that are handled, the general enormities that are provided for, and so, by consequent, the general dispositions of the state; as also your ears shall be witness of the best deliveries and in the best terms.

"The **TENURES** of their lands and customs would be known, as well in the general, as of the particular provinces, towns, jurisdictions, seigniories; as also in what sort they receive their revenues, whether by way of money or in kind, or part one way, part another; what assurances the lord hath from the tenant, or the tenant from the lord; whether let for years or for lives; then, again, whether they take annual rents, or fines, or both; then the services they owe to their lords would not be forgotten: their manners of sales, assurances, mortgages, you shall do well not to be ignorant of, and what the general rates of their lands are sold at; the measurings of their lands, whether by acre, or any other common measure particular to themselves, would be looked into; the natures of their grounds, whether sandy, gravels, clays, black moulds, heathy, stony, woody, dry grounds, &c., would also be observed: for so may you by computation, quantity for quantity, consider the yieldings of those states to ours: the quantities of wines, of grass, of grains that their acres do yield, would also be noted; as also to compare the bigness of their acres with ours, or any other measures: some common measure between them and us would be well examined, as if of liquids, by tuns, gallons, pottles, quarts, &c.; if of weights, by pounds, by ounces, by drachms, by scruples, &c.; if for length,

by miles, or paces, or feet, or inches, or barleycorns, &c., must be perfectly understood: the valuation of their monies, how their parts agree with ours, is not the least thing to be dived into, if you would be a good commonwealthsman; for out of this knowledge that merchants have above us, they make us very fools in the silent and creeping gains of a state. In our country these things differ almost in every province, which I wonder the wisdom of our parliaments have not rectified to one kind certain, since the statutes seemeth so much to have laboured it. These things are not difficult to inquire, and they will ask but the inquiring to learn them.

" The principal **COMMODITIES** that the countries afford are not to be neglected, as whether it be in wines, in corn, in cattle, in salt, &c.: if of any of these, then how one province assists the defects of the others, as by the ways of their carriage, and by what manner, whether by water or by land; if by land, whether by cart, by horse, or other portage; if by water, by what kinds of boats, of floats, &c., and by what rivers, what lakes, what gulfs, and where those rivers do discharge themselves. There would also be observed the bays, the roads; the havens, whether deep or bad havens; as at low waters, whether the ships lie upon ground or float; how many fathom at full sea the water riseth, and what winds they are most subject unto; what number of shipping belongeth to every haven, or what galleys or other boats of portage, and of what burdens; of what shapes; how they carry their fights, and how manned; by which you may conjecture and gather hereafter the advantages that one nation hath of another in matter of traffic. Manufactures are not the least things to be considered; I mean, not little manufactures, but the great ones; as whether by wools, by hempes, by flax, by silks, by metals, dyes, &c.: by these you shall fall into the note, whether these commodities are vended, and what returns they make; whether in bullion or other wares, and out of what provinces, states, kingdoms. From hence will you be led on to conceive the cheapness and dearths of any staple merchandize or others, and how all these may be provided to supply a kingdom or state. This knowledge will serve for your use when you grow a settled home man, or when your master shall command your service for the defence of your country in the necessity of a war, or your counsel in the treaty of a peace.

" The **PEOPLE** is the next thing you are to pass through your thought, as how sorted into their kinds; whether consisting of noblesse, artists, tradesmen, or peasants, or how mixed of any of these; how every of these sorts are employed in the government of the state, and in which of these kinds the strength of their dominions do consist; what is their force, whether in horse or foot; what are the arms most used amongst them; whether the arms are in the hands of the prince, or nobility, or the commons; where their magazines are, and in whose hands the wealth doth most rest; whether a nation prodigal or parsimonious; if prodigal, in what their expenses and consumptions are most usual; if parsimonious, in what are their gettings and gain; whether well peopled, or scant of inhabitants; and if scant of inhabitants, whether the cause proceed of the barrenness of the soil, or want of good ports, or the bordering neighbours by way of a war: the manners and fashions of their attires, whether constant or subject to change, are worth the noting;

their exercises, and the kinds of them that are most in use ; their diets and foods, whether plentiful or scant, continual or at times, and whether the better sort, or meaner, have their excesses in that kind ; and then again for their behaviours, whether light or grave ; their humours, whether upon the cheat or honest ; for their healths, as what diseases do most reign amongst them, whether fevers, plagues, gouts, stone, drop-sies, or catarrhs. Out of all these considerations shall you make to yourself somewhat hereafter, that were too long to express in particular, yet much for your judgment.

" Now as touching the inquiry of PRINCES and their COURTS, these are the main points of search and mark : how they are attended by their nobility, if it be a free prince, or if it be a republic of the chief; who they be ; their alliances ; their sufficiencies ; their powers ; their employments by the state, or their living of themselves ; the provinces, towns, or commands they are trusted withal ; and their reputations, whether wise or weak, valiant or cowards, rich or poor, old or young, or whether active or quiet out of nature ; what the privy counsellors of their courts are ; their loves or their hatreds one to another ; how the factions of the court are in power ; the officers of court how disposed ; the ordinary expense and revenues of the kingdom, whether it consist of gabelles, of subsidies, or revenues of their land, and how managed ; are things worthy the knowledge. In cases of offences towards the prince or state, the ways of their examinations, their tortures, their processes, their sentences, their punishments, if found faulty, you shall do well to be satisfied in. By these, when you shall be thought fit for employment at home, you shall enable your discretion in many cases to give advice and guess at the events upon the first motions. Lastly, the general studies the nations do affect ; as whether it be to the laws, or divinity, or physic, or philosophy, or to any other arts ; as also whether the nobility and gentry are addicted to it for their satisfactions, or it is the meaner sort that labours it for their profit and gain.

" The use of MAPS, whithersoever you travel, will much stead you ; for by them shall you receive such an impression of the adjacencies of provinces, rivers, forts, forests, towns, and places inaccessible, as they will never afterward be cancelled out of your memory.

" Concerning FORTIFICATIONS, these few rules are to be observed : whether they be of the ancient moulds, or of the newer forms, or mixed of both, as you shall find many ; then, again, whether regular or irregular ; whether of stone or brick, as most of the old ones are, or of earth, as those in the Low Countries, or with ramparts or without ; then what grounds of command are about them ; the natures of their earths for approaches, or the vicinity of their coverts for ambushes : whether they be towns commanded by citadels, or governed by their own proper forces : and, lastly, the places of their situations, their avenues, and to what end so placed, must be considered. This do I think sufficient to say of this point in general ; the more particulars will appear when you enter into the art of it ; a subject better and fuller taught us in vulgar tongues, than in the ancient.

" Their EDIFICES are either churches, monuments, palaces, private houses of the nobility, houses in cities, or *champêtres* : in this, the knowledge of their kinds, fashions, sumptuosities, and their expense in

building, with their pleasures of gardens, walks, shelters and commodities against all weathers, will be of use to you, when you shall think your own home your best lodging.

" The WEATHERS, whether constant or changeable, whether moist or dry, cold or hot, the times of their seasons, and winds that most possess their skies, is a knowledge that may give you some advantage, if ever you be a discoverer, to guess at that which your eye seeth not, whether it be a continent or an island, or an island of great extent.

" For your own studies, the TONGUES and understanding them must be your chief endeavours for the time; and yet let your readings be of such books as you may gather somewhat else that may serve your turn hereafter; double gains under one labour being best: so as I may say, let your conversation be with books ever, with arms when the necessity of your country and your master's commands require it; and not, *econtra*, arms ever, and books when you have but need: for so shall you eschew the warning the proverb tells us of; "*Qui amat periculum, peribit in illo*; and in the other do yourself very little good when you shall have occasion. Yet withal, arms must not be so laid aside, that you must then but learn, when you have need; for so perhaps you shall betray your country in the trust it may trust you withal, and beget shame to yourself to undertake a task you understand not: and I know no surer instruments in learning to wield all those well than arithmetic, geometry, cosmography; and astronomy, in some measure, will serve you, if you be a navigator.

" The exercises I would wish you to be most skilful in are RIDING and your WEAPONS; because a skilful sword, in a hand that will not tremble, procures peace often, the want of which doth give men boldness to be busy to your disgrace or danger; and although I wish you a skilful sword for peace sake, yet let it be slippery-sheathed, if the honour of your master, or your country, or your own, be touched; for these are duties you owe, wherein your flesh must not be too dear unto you.

" In your observations of men's MANNERS, BEHAVIOURS, and FASHIONS, if any thing seem to you absurd, sacrifice it in your thoughts; for every nation esteems that they are born to and bred in the completest: so shall you avoid quarrels and brawls, which if you enter into, you will find yourself too weak, when no respect shall cause forbearance, but that you are a stranger; and in this, the meaner sort you will find most subject to error.

" Your EXPENSE, let it be moderate, and cast aside the coat you are born unto for a time: for to strive with them in their vanities, you will not be able to hold way; besides that you will want so much at your return, where those superfluities will be better spent, since abroad nothing will remain yours, here in what kind soever somewhat, ever remembering that you must die an Englishman; and to love your own home best, for I know not where you can be marked with so good a blessing as God and your country hath marked you withal. Your habits would be according to the fashions of the nations you live in; so shall you avoid being gazed at; things to men's eyes not usual breeding wonder. Neither let your attires be too costly or too many; for the one will be a consumption without reason, and the luggage of a wardrobe after you will be troublesome.

" To his Majesty's AMBASSADORS, or others employed for our country, be very respectful ; so shall you be sure to meet with a good report when you come home, and they will grace you what they can abroad, laying upon you all courtesies. Be loving and open-handed to his Majesty's subjects according to your means, if you know them dutiful and necessitous, rather than giving gloriously to strangers : for so, besides the goodness of the charity, you will obtain love ; whereas the others will laugh at you for your bounty : giving idly being a fault other nations are not so subject unto as we are.

" Lastly : what you observe of worth, take notes of ; for when you list to take a review, the leaves of your books are easilier turned over than the leaves of your memory.

" To conclude : what I have delivered is but a catalogue of what you ought to look into, not how you are particularly to follow them : for so I should be too tedious in my instructions, and take away from you your own choice, repeating my former labours, which you have more at large elsewhere : those that attend you know my desires at full. And so I leave you to the grace of God, which must be the thing that must steer you ever and ever in all your actions, and guide me in my advice."

## THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

RESPONSIVE echo answer'd to the blast ;  
The sky with gloomy low'ring storm was spread ;  
The moon at intervals around her cast  
A fitful glare, as clouds across her fled !  
Musing along, amid the gloom I went,  
Where rolls the silver tide of "giant" Trent !

I stood where once the hostile armies stood ;\*  
Near were those halls where erst a monarch dwelt ;†  
I saw the plains which once stream'd with the blood  
Of kindred and of brothers ! and I felt  
Pleased with the gloom—the solemn night-bird's flight—  
For well I love the sad still hour of night.

Methought there rose upon the distant plain  
A thing of air, in shape like to a man :  
A warrior's shade ! though bloodless, yet the stain  
Of blood was on its breast—as wild it ran  
From field to field—a sword gleam'd in its hand ;—  
It call'd—and soon appear'd a spectre band.

\* The meadows near Newark.

† Newark Castle.

It spoke!—"Hail, friends, dear comrades of the tomb!  
Twelve times yon orb hath gone her silent round  
Since last we met, since from the spacious womb  
Of earth we burst, from tombs that know no bound!  
Again we meet—again we celebrate  
The hour we fell, victims to conquering fate.

"Glorious we sank, and vict'ry bless'd our arms;  
No dastard heart defiled our proud array;  
We sought the fight, nor dreaded death's alarms—  
Trampled on regal pomp, and cast away  
Sceptre and crosier, and the gaudy crown,  
And hurl'd the Churchman and the Monarch down.

"Ingloriously they fell! The bloated Priest  
Pined for his masses of ill-gotten gains;  
On carnal things alone he cared to feast;  
He spoke of hell, but heeded not its pains.  
The chain was broke, and thousands hail'd the light,  
Pour'd from on high, in heaven's own colours bright!

"And with them fell the victim of their wiles,  
The tyrant Monarch—tyrant by *them* made!  
They lured him on with lies and fawning smiles,  
Till for his crimes a bloody price he paid!—  
Priests, Nobles, King, in one confusion lay:  
For tyrant flatt'rers, lo! an evil day!

"They rose again!—King, Nobles, Priests,—beware!  
E'en o'er ye now a threat'ning cloud is spread;  
The lightnings flash! their terrors will ye dare?  
Fierce shall they fall on ev'ry thoughtless head!  
Oh, mind this warning voice—amend your ways—  
Eschew the bad—seek but the good man's praise!

"To us Futurity unlocks her womb,  
And throws her portals wide. Is warning vain?  
Take they no heed?—Ah, do I see a tomb  
Gape wide—a *fall*—without a *rise* again!"—  
Thus spoke the shade—then swift beyond my sight  
The spectres vanish'd in the gloom of night.

W. L. G.

## MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

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THE *Edinburgh Review* has sent forth its fiat on Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES's new play, in the shape of a review of "The Wife of Mantua, and the State and Prospect of the Drama," it being the leading article of the last number; and, we grieve to say it, the subject matter of this article has led some of the friends and admirers of the Review seriously to apprehend that it has fallen into its dotage. But, be this as it may, indubitably the Editor has displayed a culpable negligence, in admitting such a piece of writing into a respectable Review. Doubtless Mr. KNOWLES has seen and read this review, and wondered and reasoned with himself most profoundly on what it all meant; we can only condole with him on the infliction of such praise. In sooth, it puzzled us much to devise what it could mean.

It may be conceived that the Edinburgh Reviewer has read the play, and, as was most natural, he has been pleased with the performance. When a little boy becomes, by some lucky chance, the master of a plum cake, and after having enjoyed it to his heart's content, he is generally goodnatured enough to admit that it was very good; but this is not altogether the case with a reviewer, after having reaped a similar pleasure: he must both know the cause of this, and be able to explain its effects; he must tell the unfortunate part of the public who cannot make up their minds upon the subject until they have learned his opinion, whether it is worthy of their approbation and patronage; or, if not, why not. These very simple qualifications for a reviewer, Mr. KNOWLES's critic seems entirely destitute of.

A celebrated counsel, now removed from a sphere of usefulness to another which has rendered him comparatively insignificant, made it his habit, in addressing a jury, to mix the facts and his law together; and this was attended with such signal success, that we cannot forbear to imitate him, in our capacity of public prosecutor. The man who has had the audacity to review *The Wife*, wrote the following sentences, which are to be found in the first page of the said article:— "Within the last two years he has produced two plays, which have combined the greatest literary merit with the most unequivocal success upon the stage. *The Hunchback* and *The Wife* deserve a permanent station in our drama. We trust they will retain it, and we shall be well pleased if he shall contribute many other pieces possessing equal claims

to that distinction. We would sincerely encourage him to proceed ; for in the whole circle of authorship we see none more likely to produce well-written plays, interesting and effective in representation, and such as good taste and good feeling can approve."

On the polished grammatical construction of these sentences nothing need be said ; but it may be curious to investigate the contents of the above piece of the *Edinburgh Review*. Talking generally on the merits of the two plays, produced within the wonderful short space of two years, the critic says, " They have combined the greatest literary merit with"—what think you, gentle reader—what other virtue, the attribute of a good play-wright?—"the most unequivocal success upon the stage." Combination call you it ! If it be a combination, it is the most wonderful combination ever heard of. What next ? " *The Wife* and *The Hunchback* deserve a permanent station in our drama ; we trust that they will retain it." Retain what ? the *permanent station* ? Is the man afraid that the laws of nature are going to be changed by act of parliament, to cheat Mr. KNOWLES out of his fair fame ? " We shall be well pleased if he shall contribute many other pieces possessing equal claims to that distinction." The distinction of gaining a permanent station, and then retaining it ! " We would sincerely encourage him to proceed ; for in the whole circle of authorship we see none more likely to produce a well-written play." Call ye this backing your friends ? Mr. KNOWLES is not encouraged for any positive merit appertaining to him, but because this Northern Mecænas can find none other worthy of encouragement. He says that there are none ; but that is not true. If we may believe Mr. BULWER, they are a numerous class ; in his new work, *England and the English*, he thus describes them :—" The most honest of our writers turn up their noses at the rogues who steal from foreigners, and with a spirit of lofty patriotism confine their robberies to the literature of their own country. These are they who think that to steal old goods is no theft : they are the brokers of books, and their avowed trade is second-hand. They hunt among the Heywoods and Deckers, pillage a plot from Fletcher or Shirley, and, as for their language, they steal *that* every where. These are they who fill every page with 'go to' and 'peradventure.' If a lady asks her visitors to be seated, it is—

' Pray ye, sit down, good gentles.'

If a lover admires the '*fashion*' of his mistress's gown, she answereth—

' Ay, by my faith, 'tis quaint !'

If a gentleman complains of a wound—

' It shall be looked to, Sir, right heedfully.'

A dramatic author of this nature is a very Autolycus of plagiarists, an admirable conceited fellow, and ‘hath ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow ;’ he saith, indeed, that he receiveth *assistance only* from the elder dramatists—he robbeth not ; no ! *he catcheth the spirit* ; verily this he doth all in the true genius of Autolycus when he assists himself with the Clown ; as thus :—

“ ‘ *Clown.* How now ! canst stand ?

“ ‘ *Autolycus.* Softly, dear Sir. (Picks his pocket.) Good Sir, softly. You ha’ done me a charitable office.’ ”

Here we have Mr. KNOWLES’s competitors, and that too minutely, described—perhaps slightly caricatured. To proceed with the investigation, the critic has given these “well-written plays” the additional attributes of being “interesting and effective in representation”—[who ever heard of a well-written play being otherwise ?]—“and such as good taste and good feeling can approve.” We shall presently see what right this man has to talk about “*good taste*,” save the mark ! and as to his “*good feeling*,” what amount of this he may be possessed of we are entirely ignorant ; but in this crusade of his against the king’s English, and the common sense of the reading public, there is small token of his having any.

If this critic were allowed to have his own way, he would reduce the mysteries of his craft to a very simple matter. Before his task is well commenced, he seems ill at ease in his novel situation—for we suspect he is an amateur whom the editor has allowed to play the fool as a special indulgence. “We shall not analyse the plot of *The Wife*, or enter into a detailed exposition of its incidents ; such an exposition is always tedious, and gives little more idea of the real spirit and beauty of a play, than an enumeration of the colours employed impresses us with any true notion of the merit of a picture. Let it suffice to say, that the story is interesting, simply constructed and naturally unfolded, and does not contain more improbability than our imaginative faith is willing to submit to. Instead of explaining the plot, we will hasten to give specimens of the text, and they shall be such as will explain themselves.”

Here is a precious quantity of nonsense contained in very small compass. The half of the first sentence is tautology, and the next is a piece of sheer twaddle. Is SCHLEGEL’s exposition of the incidents in *Hamlet* and his remarks on the actions of the characters tedious, and do they give the reader “no more idea of the real spirit and beauty of a play, than an enumeration of the colours employed impresses us with the true notion of the spirit of a picture ?” But what mode does this critic adopt to give an idea of the real spirit and beauty of a play ?

The same method that the crazy auctioneer took, when he offered a brick as a specimen of the house he had been instructed to sell. He then proceeds to say, that "the story is simply constructed and naturally unfolded." Now any one who has ever read the play, or seen it acted, must know that it has neither of these qualities; and the critic seems to have some idea of this himself, for he immediately states that it "does not contain more improbability than our imaginative faith is willing to submit to." And with this "idea of the spirit and beauty of a play" the readers of the *Edinburgh Review* must rest content, seeing that it is all their literary caterer designs to provide them—and he forthwith commences the brick-fashion of reviewing; and amongst other specimens of the good taste of the reviewer, he has extracted the following from *The Wife* :—

"*Mariana.*—I loved indeed! If I but nursed a flower  
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,  
That flower of all our garden was our pride :—  
What then was he to me for whom I thought  
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still  
With hope that, baffled still, did still keep up,  
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health  
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,  
*And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst*  
*Into confirmed, broad and glorious day?"*

In this passage we have one of the most natural and simple emotions of the heart employed as a simile to illustrate an idea worthy of the highest poetry. This far we can commend, and most heartily; and had there followed a natural and touching description of her lover's state during his sickness, her attention, and his ultimate recovery, the author would then have left us nothing more to wish for. At the fourth line the application of the simile commences; and there can be no fault found with what follows, until we arrive at the lines—

"I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health  
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form"—

Neither have these two lines any intrinsic fault belonging to them alone; but the words "*ruddy dawn*," though well used of themselves as a graphic allusion to returning health, are made the pretext for introducing a confused metaphor without a particle of unity—a metaphor most unnecessary to illustrate the idea of the context, and only introduced for effect in mouthing declamation. This must be evident to

any one who has heard Miss TREE repeat the two lines in question, when she makes their ridiculous bombast still more obvious by raising her voice to the highest pitch, and throwing up her arms in the wildest attitude, for the purpose of splitting the ears of the groundlings. These two lines are, without exception, the most palpable breach of good taste we ever found in a composition having any pretensions to be considered respectable poetry. But to our critic this appears faultless, and is given by him as a specimen of the excellence of the play. In the same passage—namely, the trial scene—is the following:—

“*Lorenzo*.—To follow him,  
You came to Mantua.  
*Mariana*.—What could I do?  
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet and wood,  
Lake, sky and mountain, went along with him;  
Could I remain behind?”

The thought which lies buried in these words is a fine one; but it is so obscured by the language it is conveyed in, that the reader can only arrive at the author's meaning by guess-work. The idea could not have been more clumsily expressed if a premium had been offered for the purpose, and the “ten thousand gentlemen who write with ease” competed for it; yet this, by the Edinburgh critic, is exhibited as the “current of poetry which sparkles through Mr. KNOWLES's play”!

After quoting two more short passages, he says:—“These extracts will afford the reader a tolerable idea of Mr. KNOWLES's dramatic powers.” Was there ever any thing so preposterous put in print? What! judge of the *dramatic* powers of an author by two or three short passages from one of his works? Verily this is *a short and easy method of reviewing, or criticism made easy*. The reviewer must needs find fault with something, to justify his title of critic; and if he has been unfortunate in the bestowal of his praise, he is equally so in the dealing out of his censure; as here:—“Some of the persons now and then talk simile and metaphor, instead of the direct and earnest language of strong emotion. For instance:—

‘Ye come to tell me of disaster! Speak!  
The sum on't! 'Tis heavy—what is it?  
Come, name me the amount! Is it my dukedom,  
Or what?—'Tis nothing of my wife?—Say that—  
And say aught else which stern misfortune prompts.  
Blow wind, mount wave—no rock to shut me thence;  
I see the strand to run my bark ashore,  
And smile upon my shipwreck.’

Is this the language of agonising suspense? The last four lines are worse than superfluous—they remind us a little of the rule laid down in *The Rehearsal*:—‘Now,’ says Bayes, ‘she is going to make a simile.’ ‘Why so?’ inquires his companion. ‘Because she is surprised: that’s a rule—whenever you are surprised, you must make a simile; it is the new way of writing.’ It is now a very old way, and we hope Mr. KNOWLES will abjure it.”

Because Lord ROCHESTER, in common with the rest of his set, who introduced the paltry and corrupt French school of literature, chose to throw ridicule upon the great dramatists of the Elizabethan era, that is no justification to the Edinburgh critic in his abuse of this fine passage he has quoted, though he seeks to make it so. What does he mean by the “direct and earnest language of strong emotion,” in contradistinction to the language used in this passage? When do men “talk simile and metaphor?” Assuredly not when the subject is the state of the weather—but when the violent emotions of the human breast are agitating them most. Then is the only time when a man talks poetry, except it be while he is exercising his descriptive powers. We should like very much to know where he would have the “current of poetry which sparkles through the play, not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention—but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.”

These are the words with which the critic ends his review. They seem introduced, not for the purpose of stating his opinion, but merely because he must say something fine in summing up, however much it may be at variance with his pre-stated opinions. We must now have done with the critic. We honestly think he has written himself down an ass; and we would, in conclusion, beg to warn the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, if he is wishful to keep up the high literary character of the journal, against again permitting the culprit to play such antics in so respectable a place.

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## VICE, AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

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In almost every one of the fundamental principles which should govern our conduct as a nation, we seem to be at fault. Respecting vice, in particular, our conduct of late has been "passing strange." In all former ages, and in every country, the punishment of vice has been considered as one of the most indispensable of all duties. Even the practice of virtue has not been deemed *more* essential to the well-being of society, than that crime of every description should be severely punished; and this forms a prominent and leading dogma in every one of the religious creeds that have ever appeared on the face of the earth. It is strictly and rigidly enjoined in every part of the **Sacred Writings**, both under the **Mosaic law** and under the **Christian dispensation**. Indeed, you can scarcely open a single page either of the Old or New Testament, without seeing the heaviest denunciations against injustice of every kind. The same principle is strongly enforced in all the old **Pagan and Heathen Mythologies**. In fact, the punishment of vice and the practice of virtue have always been inseparably connected; have always been the foundation on which all governments and all religionists have raised their various superstructures; and whatever the building might be, this was the base.

Look at China, that immense country, containing a population of 300 millions of Pagans; of dark, benighted Pagans—(more than double the population of Europe.) It is stated, on the authority of Sir **GEORGE STAUNTON**, that there are only 200 criminals condemned to death, annually, throughout the Chinese empire: whereas we, in liberal and enlightened England, a civilised and Christian people, with a population of *less* than 14 millions, have had 1,250 criminals condemned to die, annually, for many years past. State the question in the rule of three. If 300 millions of people give 200 criminals, how many ought 14 millions to give? Answer, 9 persons and a fraction over!! Again; if 14 millions of people produce 1,250 criminals, how many should 300 millions produce? Answer, 26,800 persons!!

But we are quite at variance now with all other nations on this important subject, and quite at variance with ourselves at all former periods. All our thieves and felons are now well fed, clothed, and educated. By a recent Report of the Poor Laws' Commissioners, an astounding fact is published for the information of this hoodwinked and long-deluded nation; namely, that a transported thief has nearly *three times as much solid food allowed him per week, as is allowed to a farming labourer!* And all our prisons and penitentiaries have a regular medical staff, with a chaplain, specially appointed to each, with good salaries, at the public expense: and if a thief or a murderer is ill, he is instantly attended by a physician or surgeon, an apothecary and nurse; he has wine, and soup, and broth, and in fact every comfort and attention that any respectable man can procure; and should there be any appearance of inattention towards a sick thief, an outcry

is immediately raised—the officers are accused of corruption, hard-heartedness, &c. ; and even the Government is assailed, because, forsooth, it has not been sufficiently careful of the health or the lives of convicted felons. Is not this confounding the nature of virtue and of vice? Is it not in fact offering a premium to vice? Is it not in reality an insult to virtue? What inducement is there for a man to act uprightly, when he sees, generally speaking, that a rogue is better rewarded than himself?

Look at the cases of those notorious criminals, FAUNTLEROY and THURTELL. To the lasting disgrace of this nation be it said, that many, very many bright eyes were dimmed with tears at the just fate of those two scoundrels.

“ Their spirits sink ; their nerves are so unstrung,  
They weep if but a handsome thief is hung.”

In both instances the public sympathy was excited and worked upon to prevent the law taking its course. Petitions even were hawked about the town and signed by great numbers, and every other effort made, to save the greater rogue of the two, FAUNTLEROY, who above all other criminals richly deserved a halter, not only for his numerous crimes, but for his odious and disgusting hypocrisy and canting. The fine manly form and blooming health of the midnight murderer was described in the most pathetic terms. Instead of indignation at their crimes, scarcely any thing was heard of but pity for their situation.

It should also never be forgotten, that in the word “ vice” is included every species of fraud or injustice, whether cognisable by law or not; in fact, every thing by which a wrong has been done to your neighbour. Think of this, ye pious, conscientious, and single-hearted gentlemen, who befriend the hapless African negro, and who at the same time make porter *from malt and hops only without any foreign admixtures!* Bear this in mind, ye honourable directors of certain joint-stock bubbling companies! Remember this, ye upright and disinterested contractors for, and managers of, Greek and Spanish loans, by which thousands of innocent persons have been irretrievably ruined! It has been said by an able and elegant writer, that “ the punishment of vice is a debt due to justice, which cannot be remitted without compensation.” Depend upon it, this is a solemn truth. Justice, it is said, has leaden feet ; but though slow, she is sure, and the day of reckoning, of retribution, and of refunding, will unquestionably overtake ye.

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## POLICE-TAX.

**OPPRESSION** oftener moves by imperceptible than by perceptible steps ; hers is not a hoof, but a paw ; she moves in the dark, treads softly, and marches slowly ; and she never took a step more feline than that taken on the 8th of the month of August, when a resolution declared it expedient and just that the country should pay £60,000 in aid of the rates for the Police of London.

In proposing this resolution, Mr. SRING RICE said, that the country generally was interested in the keeping of the peace of London ; and that, therefore, it was just that the country should pay towards the police. We leave out, as wide of this question, the assumed fact that this police is a keeper of the peace ; we leave this out, although two coroner's juries have found them, in one instance such peace-breakers as to deserve killing themselves, and, in the other, actually guilty of wanton murder ; we leave this out of the case, and agree to assume it : but, how long is it since it became necessary to the country that the peace of London should be kept ? Only since the 8th of August ! Was it not always as necessary to all England that there should be peace in London as it is now ? And yet when was it before presumed to throw upon the farmers and tradesmen in the country the burden of keeping London in order, in addition to their own burdens ?

There is something so unjust and also so undermining in this resolution, that we cannot help devoting a page or two of this number to it, although it passed so glibly through the House, so little opposed by the country members, and so extraordinarily supported by the metropolitan members. We heartily condemn the conduct of these latter, and we hope that their constituents will not overlook it. One of them avowed his liking for the proposed vote, because it would throw upon the country generally a part of the burdens of his constituents ; and then, picking up the crude argument of the Secretary to the Treasury, as the poet says, " full fairly gave it to the House :" that, because it is of importance to the country to have London peaceable, the country should pay for watching the streets of London ! We quarrel here with the principle upon which this legislator acted. Was it his business to attend merely to the interests of Westminster, shoving the burdens off the shoulders of his constituents without care as to what shoulders those burdens might light upon ? At this rate, he represents only those

electors who have placed him in Parliament, and the duties of such a representative are little more than those of an ordinary parish-officer ; his office is, in fact, that of warden over a limited number of parishes ; his efforts are like those of the parish-officer—to get rid of the burden which presses upon his own immediate district, and put another to the expense of it. Yet this cramped and even hoggish piece of politics carried the resolution, according to which the police of London have made their first assault upon the pockets of the nation at large. “ Ask,” said Mr. SPRING RICE, “ any drover on the road whether it is not of consequence that the peace of London should be kept.” Why not ask any stage-coachman, or lobster-cart man, whether it is not of consequence that London should be paved ! Ask any traveller whether it is not of consequence that London should be lighted ! And if they answer “ Yes ” (as they must), why not just as well make the country pay for paving and lighting, as well as for watching, London ?

The step taken by the Government was artful ; it was met by the country members in a feeble manner, but by the members for the district of London in a manner the most short-sighted that can be imagined. It is a clear aggravation of a thing already bad enough : we had already lost the old innoxious watchman, the inoffensive parish servant, and got the foreign invention in its stead. This was bad enough, confined as it was to London and its environs. It was quite bad enough that, anywhere, we should have an armed force always at the command of a Secretary of State ; an army assembling in small depôts, wearing a soldier-like uniform, armed with implements of war, marching in bodies to the word of command, and regularly officered by “ serjeants ” holding a superior rank ; this was bad, but still the thing was confined to London and its neighbourhood. We had not such a thing yet all over the country ; and it had even taken some years to get it to such perfection as to be uniformed and girt with the sword, even in this district.

The parishes who had to support this domestic army had become clamorous and troublesome to the Government ; they found the expense grievous, they complained, and, through their representatives, would have a change. They had not only lost their power, by changing their own watchmen for the government policemen, but they found they had lost security too ; for, while it was very unlikely that their own servants should turn round against them, it was extremely likely that the police would, who had no master but the Secretary of State to direct, promote, dismiss, or control them. They wanted the police to be as the watchmen had been, under *their* control ; and, the charge becoming heavier

and heavier, a change of some sort became absolutely necessary. These were the grounds on which the parishes applied to have the control of the police; but, in no instance that we have heard of, did they ever hint at throwing the burden upon the nation.

In this crisis, the ingenious Secretary to the Treasury finds out that we need only apply to a common drover on the road, to hear that the peace of London is of importance to the country; and thence he concludes that the country ought to help to pay men to keep it, although the same necessity must have existed for hundreds of years, although the same answer would have been given by the drover to a like question, and although a police had never before been the result of such premises. One marvels that *any* men could sit and hear such an argument without being startled at its absurdity; but to see them get up and confess its soundness, and instantly act on it, makes one despair.

Here was an occasion for any vigilant and ordinarily well-informed member of Parliament to make a stand. The Government evidently meant much more than their mouthpiece said; for the effect in getting this vote of money is not merely to quiet the calls of the parishes who have police, but it takes the right to complain out of their mouths. In future they may claim the right to control till they burst their lungs; the Secretary to the Treasury will tell them—"the country *pays* as well as you towards the police; you bear your share, but it is a *national police!*" This will be quite true; the thing is now *national*; the army, though residing here, in London, belongs to the nation, is to be paid by the nation, and therefore must be under the command of the King's Government. But here was an occasion for the member of Parliament to point out the important change effected by this vote; the infringement, in fact, of the Constitution, under which a permanent soldiery is declared to be unjustifiable. The reasons, derived from practice, too, as it happens, lay strewed before him as "plenty as blackberries," and so fresh as to seem made to meet the proposition, and to invite him to the fête. We had recently seen an occasion in which the Government had applied its police force in dispersing an assembly of the people, and it did it in such a manner as was declared by a jury to warrant the killing of the police; in a manner that no parish-officers would have attempted, though it was ascertained that the slightest force, if not remonstrance, would have had the proper effect. This, of itself, was a good and unanswerable reason for wresting out of the hands of the Government the control of this army. Another instance of a striking nature, though not matured to be sure, was at hand: an inquiry was going on within the walls of the House

itself into the circumstance of policemen being employed by the agents of the Home Secretary as spies, and whose efforts, in one instance, had been directed to induce small tradesmen and journeymen to commit acts of sedition, felony, and even treason, in order to the punishing of the people thus ensnared! The circumstance was fortunately by accident discovered—the reptile has been foiled while snuffing the blood of his friends and benefactors—he will see none of them in the dock or on the gallows; but it becomes us to recollect that, in all probability, it is but the intervention of an accident that has prevented these tragical results of such a system; and, therefore, in this one case there was quite enough to awaken the feelings of the most torpid of men, and to make him turn again and again in his mind any change of this system of police which did not directly lead to getting it out of the hands of the Government. The *sum* voted is, indeed, paltry, compared with the principle; the sum it would have been unworthy to consider, in considering the effect of the principle that it involves: but what shall we say, then, of those who could give up the principle (or never think of it) for the sake of the sum!

The man is half-witted who looks upon this vote as a mere question of constables and their pay. It is no such thing. It is an army in the hands of the Secretary of State; and whose uses have come to light in the two cases above-mentioned. In the latter, it may not appear that the wretched spy was employed and directed by the Government to do what he did; this may not be the case; the Government may not have had the wish to bring innocent men to the gallows for deeds suggested by its agent; but what we have to look to is the *effect*. This policeman, in the hands of the Government, was running the career of a spy: would he have done so if he had been in the hands of parish-officers? No: no man of common sense and of common knowledge will think so. Then this army is dangerous while in the hands of the Government, and every means should have been used to oppose the resolution of the 8th of August, which makes a step to be retraced before this army can be made an inoffensive thing.

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## REMINISCENCES OF A VOYAGER.

To write, no matter what, is so much the fashion now-a-days, that every body pities the man who can travel, not from Dan to Beersheba, but from Paddington to the Bank, and exclaim, "It is all barren!" Having once voyaged from the port of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to that of London, in one of those sombre-looking and despised vessels yclept a collier, how would the world scorn me were I not to pen my reminiscences!—therefore, like many other writers of similar pretensions, I have determined not to be pitied, ridicule me who will. He was said to be a good king, honoured and respected in his generation, who kindly wished "every poor boy in the kingdom might be able to read his Bible;" but the idea of teaching a charity-boy of the present time merely to read the Book of Life, would be scouted. "*Tempora mutantur,*" indeed, when the cobler emblazons his sign with "repairs neatly executed," and the dog's-meat man puts up "canine and feline purveyor." I found my cab-boy, the other day, reading a very handsome volume, when he should have been differently employed; and on inquiring what it was, I found it to be "A Virgil, what he had had lent to him."

The good old English housewife has ceased to be—the old English man-midwife has become defunct—we have nothing now but surgeon-accoucheurs,—ladies of the nineteenth century are never "put to bed," or "attended in labour" (there is something unlady-like and unrefined in the very word); but the Madams and Madam—s of our intellectual era are "attended in their accouchement," doubtless *à la Française*. We are unquestionably, as my neighbour Stich would say, "renovated and renewed." The public need not be surprised to learn, that an eminent physician and "profound physiologist" entertains a well-founded hope of being able to make pickaninies by steam: it would be *contra bonos mores* to mention names; but we should advise Miss MARTINEAU, at so alarming a crisis, to call upon the said learned man, and expostulate with him upon the awful consequences of raising his steam to such a pitch; or, at all events, to send him a copy of her maiden productions, in order to show him the absurdity of such a plan. The Doctor would long ago have begun the manufacture, but from the knowledge that the parish would make him keep his young ones. I sincerely believe this, for I know the man—a lecturer on midwifery—a mean, sordid wretch; and I have no doubt the Malthusian Lioness agrees with me, that the fellow should be disposed of in some way, to prevent the threatened evil.

If any of my readers should wish to be relieved from the dull monotony of common life, he should take a trip, in the month of March or April, from London to North Shields, in a collier. To go by steam is too common, too swift, too tame, too noisy, too warm, too everybody-like, too much unlike a traveller, too every-day; in short, by such a conveyance, one has not even the blessed certainty of being sick, and little hope of the distinguished honour of being the hero of a shipwreck. "Only for to think," as a Cockney somewhere exclaims,

"only for to think of being cast away!" I fancy I see the man of Cockaigne who had been "cast away," surrounded by his wondering and envious neighbours, with turned-up eyes, listening to "my man of countries," while he explains "how he vas shipwrecked on them ere orrible rocks vat runs out of Flamborough Ead." Why, this being would be immortal in Clare Market.

In the spring of 1828, I was persuaded by a young friend, whose father was owner and master of a collier, to take a trip with him from North Shields to London, in order to see the metropolis, where my course of studies would soon lead me to remain some time. I felt some little fear, some landsman-like misgivings, at trusting myself for the first time upon the world of waters, and in a collier; but I was laughed out of my terrors, and the old Captain's consolatory assurance settled the matter. "What the devil are you frightened at, Doctor?" said he: "if you are drowned, you will never be missed; and if we get your body up to London, we'll give you a decent funeral." This was not said to hurt the feelings, nor did I at the moment feel them hurt, for perhaps I had not then two warmer friends than that weather-beaten sailor and his son; but the orphan, and he who stands alone in the world, can tell how many bitter reflections are often furnished for solitude by a few words spoken in goodness of heart.

My friend, however, had cause to change his opinion, for our ship was the first over the bar, and as we swept past the foot of those picturesque rocks on which stands the ancient and beautiful ruin of Tynemouth, a white handkerchief waved a farewell to some one of us, over the parapet wall. "Who the —— is that?" exclaimed our Captain, and taking up his glass, had a peep at the lady. "Well," said I, "you see there is some one would miss me." "A young fool," said he—"Now, my lads, take a pull of your weather-brace there."

While all hands on board were busily employed at work, I was engaged in returning the salutations from the hill. I was then what may be called half man, half boy,—boy enough to let tears creep into my eyes, and not manly enough (if it be manly) to hide them. She whom I saw standing at a distance and lessening view was my first love, and at that time how I would have mocked the thought of passing through life without her! After some delay she hastily left her position, as if conscious of being an object of remark; but, as she passed homeward, pausing at every commanding point, to give another parting wave with that emblem of her own purity and innocence. Not caring to be laughed at, I hastened down into the cabin, to be alone, and invoked philosophy to my aid. I thought upon the cases of others, and found my own the worst. I thought upon the patience of Job; and my own sorrows, in the contrast, seemed more like those of the two keel-men, whose keel, by a strong ebb-tide, was driven out to sea: while the poor fellows were straining every nerve to regain the river against the current, one vented his rage in curses, and the other reproved him by saying, "Smash, man! where's the use a swearing se? dinna ye know what the minister tell'd us o' Sunday, aboot the patience o' Job?" "Hout," retorted his fellow, "hand your cull tongue; Job niver had a keel went ow'r Shield's bar."

The keel-men, who bring the coals down to the harbours of Shields

and Sunderland, from the coal mines (or collieries) situated high up the rivers, are a peculiar race of men, speaking a dialect indisputably their own. They are, for the most part, strong muscular men. Their dress, when at work, consists of flannel drawers, blue stockings, and shoes; the upper part of the body is only occasionally covered with a flannel shirt, open at the neck and breast, and tucked up over the elbows; and a red worsted nightcap completes the *tout-ensemble*. To each keel there are three men, and a boy, who takes the helm, and is called by them the Pee-dee (this word is used, in most parts of Northumberland, to denote any thing diminutive); and it is not a little amusing to hear a dialogue among a keel's crew: whatever goes wrong—if the wind be foul, the tide strong, an oar broken, or a sail split, it is all the fault of the poor Pee-dee, who always comes in for a flowing tirade of abuse, which he is seldom unable to return with interest. I have repeatedly heard the seniors, when the Pee-dee had the best of the dispute, wind up the matter by saying, "Haud thee jaw, thou young jackanapes; thou hes ow'r much gob." The keels are strong, unwieldy-looking vessels, not unlike the coal-barges of the Thames, except that they are more dirty, being smeared with coal-tar, and not smartly painted, like our Cockney coal-boats. The keel-men never profane the names of Venus or Adonis, by giving them to their craft; in fact, a Venus or Adonis, on the Tyne, is a very different thing from the filthy Venuses and Adonises of the Thames. When the wind is fair, they hoist a huge square sail, black with coal-dust, as are also the faces and persons of the men; and to see a hundred of these vessels with their sails set, gives you no bad idea of the fleet of his infernal majesty. Perhaps his sable majesty keeps his fleet, for we know some of his vicegerents upon earth who do; their faces may be fairer than the honest fellows' we speak of, yet a negro has a soul, we believe, and so have the keel-men; and, to use their own words, we think many of them "good sowls."

After an hour's cabin soliloquy, tired of philosophising, I exclaimed, with Romeo,

"Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make ——"

I would have ended with my charmer's name, but at that moment an awful twinge, a nauseating feeling, forced me to cry out in the flesh, "unless philosophy can cure this cursed sickness." I hastened upon deck to inhale the fresh breeze; for though I would have given something to have my heart unloaded, I was quite content to leave my stomach as it was.

With a light wind we had made but little way, and standing out at some distance from land, I had now a fine view of the mouth of the Tyne and Weare, with their forests of masts,—those two ports, that send to London that precious article, the black diamond, in such vast quantity, and from a source that seems almost inexhaustible. As I gazed, I thought how cheerless would be a London winter if those supplies were cut off; the rich might find some substitute—but the poor, the half-famished and half-naked wretches who huddle together in the alleys of the metropolis, what would become of them? Can we

conceive any thing more shocking than cold added to hunger? When the gouty foot of the proud aristocrat is laid in state upon his ottoman, before a blazing hearth,—when the red wine is mantling at his elbow, and in his hand is carelessly held the last fashionable romance—he little thinks, or little cares, how many of his fellow-men have wiped the sweat from their swarthy brows to raise that very fire he now enjoys. The pitmen or miners of the North are a hard-working, and, considering their unhealthy occupation, a hardy race of men; and it has often galled me to see beings who actually spend half of each day, immured in semi-darkness, fathoms below the surface of the earth, to raise a substance so truly valuable, so ill paid for their labour: I have known some of them, who, with a wife and nine children, did not earn more than seven shillings a week. Most of them, however, have little plots of ground attached to their cottages, on which they grow their own vegetables, and which is for the most part cultivated by the "wife and bairns." The skill of man has done and may do much; but to the abundant supply of coal, furnished by an Omniscient Being, we owe the blessings of that speedy communication which steam keeps up between distant lands, and the immense improvements in the arts. The poor miners are exposed to dangers of no ordinary description, death frequently happening among them in the mines from suffocation, produced by what they call "choke damp," *i.e.* carbonic acid gas. Moreover, an explosion, attended with the loss of many lives, often occurs, from a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas forming in the mine: when a light is by any means brought into contact with this gas, it instantly ignites with a tremendous explosion, and death is the inevitable fate of all near.

I remember, and I shall never forget, once being in a colliery village, when an alarm was given that an explosion had taken place in "the pit." At that time there might be fifty or sixty men and boys at work. In a short time a crowd collected round the spot, of mothers with their babes, fathers and children with horror in their faces, to view the scorched bodies drawn up, and to learn the fate of their relatives. To see the blackened and mangled forms as they were brought out one by one—to hear the piteous shrieks of the women who recognised a husband or a child, formed a living picture of human suffering not easily effaced from the mind. Four only were dead, but many were so dreadfully scorched that death would have been indeed a blessing.

When I visited Durham early last year, in passing through one of the villages near a large mine, I was shocked to see scores of these poor families turned to the door, on a cold wet day, and encamped upon the road-side, where they had lighted fires in the gipsy style, and many of them had put up their four-post beds, on which were reclining, in happy unconsciousness, their helpless babes, only protected from the weather by sacks, &c. laid across the bed-poles. Further on I met a magistrate, with a party of soldiery, going from cottage to cottage, ejecting the inmates, and putting a lock upon the door. This same magistrate was murdered some months afterwards by two of these miners: one suffered, but the actual murderer has as yet eluded the law. What a subject this was for serious consideration! Being on a hasty journey, I could not correctly ascertain whether the fault rested

with the masters or workmen. I had often previously heard much *pro* and *con*, but two facts always struck me as remarkable—that while the coal-owners wallow in wealth, their workmen are in the deepest poverty.

I, who sat down to write of my trip to London, have so far diverged from my purpose as to descant upon so many subjects irrelevant to my self-imposed task, that I must beg my kind readers to leave me upon the German Ocean.

FILIUS AEsculaph.

### FRAGMENTS OF THE JOURNAL OF THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE good Captain Smith did come to my island in his great ship once, and he tell me the king much things of his country, and of the merchant his master, and his gold, and his silver, and his many ships; and he ask me the king to voyage with him in his ship to his country, to see the merchant, and his country, and the gold, and the silver, and his many ships. But when I look at my island in the evening, and my people and my children, and when I think in the night, I cannot go from my island; and I say I cannot go, to the good captain. Well, long time after the captain come to my island twice, and I am glad when I see him again. But oh, poor man! how old his hair, and how red his face, when I see him again. Then he tell me again over and again of his country and the great merchant, and he ask me very much to go to his country. And because my son that was a child is much loved of his people, I will go to the great island of Britain, and I say I will go to the good captain. But oh the long time and long way! who shall find it again in the waters? First we sail in the great ship very many days, and see many lands; but, strange! though the lands be different, some high, some low, some green with great trees, and some with no trees, no green—the sea is all the same; and when the wind blow it is wave, and when the sun shine it is glitter like spears, the same every where, and is not different. And after very long time we come to the great river of Britain. But how shall I tell of the many ships! If the canoes of my island were great ships, they shall not be so many.

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Then the captain say he take me to see the great merchant, and I dress myself proper—and very good. And we go beside many houses very high, and many great waggons, and the horses, and much noise, and crack. And we go to many houses very high, which the captain say is Mincing-lane. And then he walk into a dark house low down; and he say to me “Follow,” and I follow. And we go in a large place very dark, but lighted with lamps bright. And there are many great casks, and many men, and much smell. And then the captain say, “Mr. Thompson’s engaged.” Then I say, “Where Mr. Thompson the merchant?” And he look at a glass case in the end of the great dark place, and say, “There.” And then I laugh very much, and say to

him, "Oh, oh, Mr. Captain, you at your prank again;" for I think him make believe. And the people in the dark place look at me very much. Then the captain walk with me forward and backward in the dark place, and say he no play no prank; for that it was the fashion of the country for the great merchant to sit in his glass case, and look with the lamp at his great casks and his men always. Well, I content, but very strange. Then at last we go in the glass case to the merchant, who sit with his high table and many great books, and one large book with no back—and he give the large book to the captain to read. I see the same book many time afterwards. It is the religion of the country to read in it in the morning always—and all men read in it, and it is called *Newspaper*. Well, then the merchant talk to me very pleasant about my country—and, strange! he know it all very much. And I laugh so glad when he tell all of my island so true. Then I say, "What for you sit here all day in the night?" And he laugh and say, "Business, business." And the captain lay down the book and laugh with him. Very strange!—what is "business, business?" Well, at last the merchant, who was little with red nose, take his eyes off his nose and rub them with his handkerchief, and take hold of my hand, and say to the captain to come to him at his house in the country on the Sunday that was to come. Well, very good—and we go into the day.

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Then after some days the captain come to me again, and he say, "We go to the play." And after very long way, all noise, we come to the play, which is a great house, with many princes, and merchants, and captains, and many ladies, all sitting there—and here also they have many lights, though it was day; but up high in the sky is one great light for the sun, and round about many little lights for the stars, and bright. And the people sit in the play in the places for them, and not mixed; for first there is the pit, then the box, then high up another place I cannot see, so high. And the people sit in the pit and in the box very quiet and good, but tight; but in the high place sit the princes and the noblemen, and the captain call them the gods—and they shall make so much noise as they will, and sing, and shout, and throw every thing in the pit as is pleasant. And some of the gods did very much—and they are higher than the rest for their rank, and they will not consent that any one shall speak loud but themselves; for when a captain and a lady in the box did speak loud, the noblemen gods did cry out they shall go away—and they went. Very cunning people in the island of Britain—they put all the women that are beautiful in the front in the box like large pearls, but in the pit not one; because every captain can see the box, but not the pit—Ha! ha! Then near the pit are the drums, and the trumpets, and the great curtain. Then the trumpets blow and the drums beat, and the great curtain is taken away. Then, oh what pleasure!—the sea is not so beautiful when the war-boats return—the shining of the sun is not so bright. Then come men and speak, and go out—and then more men in the same place, and speak, and go out—then quick the place is different, and more beautiful than before—then come a prince of the seas, black, and very great. And when I see him I jump on my seat, so glad—and laugh so loud, it was so pleasant. Then, when I stand on the seat, one of the

noblemen gods high up cry out loud, "Kean, speak to your brother!"—and then much noise—and I bow to the noblemen gods, and more noise. Then the captain tell me to sit down, and I sit down—and he say that the nobleman who did cry out was "Dam Blackguard," which was his name. And afterwards there is much coming in and much talk, and going out—and then a woman young and beautiful, only white—and many fine sights—and then the great curtain hides all, and the drums and trumpets play as was, and the noblemen gods talk much noise again. And then the captain tell me that the black prince call him Oh Fellow, for that he shall kill his wife. Then the curtain taken away, and after much talk and long time Oh Fellow at last come with his lamp and kill his wife. Then after he look so horrible make me tremble very much—more than when he kill his wife. Then he kill himself, and I was sorry; for I think of my father and the great fight when I see Oh Fellow lie on the ground.

Now one thing very strange I did see at the play, and shall tell. In my country we keep away the wild beast of the wood with the fires, and the drum, and trumpet blow; but in the island of Britain they have no wild beast to keep away, and then put the fires, and the drum, and the trumpet in the play, to keep away the people from the men that speak in the play. And when the man that speak in the play shall do his wickedness, then the people shall like to rush on him, and kill him very much; but then the drum beat and the trumpet play so much as keep them away—and when most wickedness most noise of the drum and trumpet, which is good and proper. But Oh Fellow was so cunning, the drum men and the trumpet men shall not know he shall kill his wife; and when he kill her they make no noise, which was a pity. But in the second play, when a white man run away with a fair woman, and much fire and smoke then, then the drum and the trumpet make good noise, which was right.

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The captain come to me on the Sunday at first, because he say he would come; and we shall go to the church, because it is Sunday. The captain dress very clean to-day, and is quite different. Now the church is done in this way I shall say:—First, there is much noise from the top of the church, all jingle, to tell the people to come—there is no jingle from the top of the play—all inside—but the people shall come there all right without—which is strange! but believe the noise from the top of the church shall keep away the evil spirit from the good place—and right. Then the people shall come all very slow walk, and shall look at the people that are near them, and all are very fine and different. Now, in the days which are not Sunday, the captains shall run quick in the street, but on the Sunday they shall walk slow always.—Well, then they go in the church and are put in the seat, not like the play, but different, and not tight. Then there shall be the loud music, not drums and trumpets, but as good; and it shall come from no place that I can see. And when the music was, I think of my country, and I see my son very much, far away in the waters, and am very sorry. Then many children sing with the music very pretty, but many times. And the captain sing with the children very loud, but different; but none of the other captains in the church sing with him. But the captain, who is a good man, is not pleased with the music of the children,

as he shall say afterwards very much. And he say that people are dam fond of doing every thing by deputy now-a-day, but I cannot know what he mean. Then no music, and an old man, wearing one white garment, shall get upon a high place, and speak very much. And the people of the seats sometimes shall stand up and sometimes shall sit down ; but, strange ! when one stand up they shall all stand up, and when one shall sit down they shall all sit, and not different. But when I the king, being weary very much, did sit down, then the people shall not sit down with me, which was strange. Then, after more of the music and the speaking, the old man who wear the white garment shall go away and come again with his black garment, and go in his higher seat than before. Very strange, that he want to play prank on me the king by changing his garment ; but he did not, for he was the same old man, and not different. Then he speak very long time, and the captain sleep very loud in his seat—I cannot speak if that is part of the religion of the country, for I shall not know ; but if it shall be, then very few of the people was so religious as the captain—not so many as ten among many. Now, when we go from the church, Captain Smith and with him I the king shall go with horses and the quick waggon far in the country, but still in the street, to Clapton, to dine with the good merchant, because it was Sunday. Now it is the religion of the country always for the merchant and the captain who shall have no friend to eat with him, always on the Sunday to eat with the friend he shall have very much. And we see many quick waggon, with the good people all tight and good. Now what a very strange people is this ! At Clapton we see fine house so high, and trees, and green ; and the captain rattle at the bell, and the steward come quick. Well, then there is the merchant, the same as I see before, but different—for he have a long gown like the lady, and very strange—and I laugh, and I say, “ Ha, ha ! you play your prank ; but I shall know you for all that. Well, we go in the house, very fine and rich, and the merchant go away—and then the captain show me on the wall the good ship that bring me to the strange country. Then there come quick to us in the carriage with the horses the lady of the good merchant, and his young lady, very fine and beautiful, and garments all bright. And they shall speak to the captain and go away. And after that the merchant come quite different, and no gown, but like the captain. Then he walk about, and at last rattle his bell very much, and is angry. And the steward come, and we go with him to the dinner, which is the lady and the young lady, but very different—new face, new hair, and new every thing. And the steward is different than when he come first to the gate—now all silver and bright. And all this I have said is the religion of the people—and, very strange ! old man in the church change his garment, steward change his garment, the merchant change his gown, and the lady is different—very strange, but very good. And after some words we sit down, and not tight ; but very wrong for the merchant sit at one end of the dinner and his lady at the other—and not together, but far off. Then we eat, and the merchant talk to me, and the ladies talk to the captain very quick. And the merchant never talk to his wife, which is strange. Then I say to the merchant about Oh Fellow and his

wife in the play ; but he not know what he is. And the young lady talk to me about Oh Fellow very much ; and the merchant talk to the captain ; and the good lady to nobody. Then much dinner and much wine. And then all go away, and more wine, and fruit, but sour. Then quick much noise on the door, and one, two, three little merchants come all quick and noise. But when they shall see me the king, they shout like the noblemen gods at the play, but more, and run away quick. Very strange, that little merchants so young shall know me a king in my country. Then much laughing. And after that the ladies shall go away, and the captain shall open the door. Then the merchant put his seat very near the table, and the captain do so too—and more wine—and talk of many things. Then I speak very much to the merchant, and I say to him what for you no stay at Clapton every day? And he laugh and say, "Business, business." Then I say, "What for you no ride in your carriage with your wife, and sit in the shades of your trees in your garden, and drink your wine with your wife every day, like I shall do in my country ?" And he laugh again, and say, "Business, business." Well, me no understand, but wait. And we come away quick from Clapton with the horses. And when we come I say to the captain, "What for you no come to me very much every day ?" And he laugh more than the merchant, and say like him, "Business, business." Very strange ! in the island of Britain, when a man shall not know what to say, he shall always say, "Business, business !" And I the king shall not understand.

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## THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

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IT has often been observed, that a theatrical performer is a painter; but the painter can represent his subject only in one of its states of existence, or, if he attempt connexion, it must be by a *succession*, not a *continuity* of representation. A performer is a perpetually varying picture of a perpetually varying human nature. The art of theatrical representation is therefore one of the fine arts. The performer is at once the artist and the production of his art. In painting, the dead, or acts of past existence, are represented, and, in the theatrical performer, the dead are revived—he is, himself, the animated picture of all that has been and may be in human life.

This view of theatrical representation may perhaps enable us to form a proper estimate of the moral value of the stage. We blame the painter when he represents an obscene or immoral image, because its tendency is to excite vicious emotion ; we applaud him when his subject has an opposite tendency. Here the *choice* of the subject lies entirely with the artist. Not so the theatrical artist : the stage is to be the representation of real life—to hold the mirror up to Nature; and as vice abounds in the world, and the effect of its representation is, generally, more to familiarise than to dissuade, the tendency of the stage would

be decidedly immoral, were it not the study of the dramatist always either to give virtue the reward of happiness, and to represent vice as invariably visited with a just and terrible retribution, or to delineate crime and wickedness in all its naked deformity.

The stage being a representation of real life, attendance at the theatre may be advocated by saying that it accords with the recommendation of moralists, who teach us to mix with the world if we would not have our virtuous principles stagnate. In the same proportion then that we condemn the stage, we ought to applaud the antisocial virtues of a hermit, and scoop out our abode in the rocks.

As a dissuasive from attendance at theatrical exhibitions, it is urged that, if the stage had a moral effect, it would be evinced in the conduct of those who follow it as a profession. If, indeed, theatrical performers pretend to be teachers of morality, or that the drama is intended to inculcate morality, this will be an Achillean objection against them. But if the characters of performers were perfectly immaculate, so long as there are more fools than wise men in the world, so long will virtuous actions be fewer and less obvious than vicious ones; and so long, therefore, as theatrical exhibitions represent real life, so long will amusement be the *property* of the stage—instruction, or moral effect, merely its *accident*. The argument which recommends theatrical performance to the consideration of the philosophic mind is, that, in conjunction with the cultivation of scientific knowledge amongst the people, it forms an antidote to that poison which is so eagerly imbibed—the poison of enthusiasm and superstition.

One of the greatest of modern philosophers, speaking of the English, in his *Essay on Eloquence*, says, “The people in general are not remarkable for delicacy of taste, or for sensibility to the charms of the Muses. Their *musical parts* are but indifferent. Hence their comic poets, to move them, must have recourse to obscenity; their tragic poets, to blood and slaughter.” If so, the question of the tendency of the stage, or its value as a means of inculcating virtuous affection, will resolve itself into a question of national character; for, the same representations which in France excite admiration might be insipid in England, and those which in the latter country call forth the plaudits of the audience would frequently excite disgust across the Channel. So much for national character; from which it would appear that, according as the stage is viewed relatively to each people, supposing the national characters to remain unchanged, it will be pronounced to be moral or immoral. The conclusion from the whole is, that there is nothing essentially vitiating in the drama, so long as it adheres to the principle of representing real existence.

It is useless to argue about the respectability of the profession of the stage: all followers of the fine arts—they who contribute, not to the necessities of life, but to its enjoyments—hold their professional respectability by the severe tenure of the display of ability and excellence in the department they have chosen from among the various occupations of civilised society. And this holds equally true with regard to painting, sculpture, music, and the fine arts in general; and when he who has devoted himself to any of these pursuits has exhibited high excel-

wife in the play ; but he not know what he is. And the young lady talk to me about Oh Fellow very much ; and the merchant talk to the captain ; and the good lady to nobody. Then much dinner and much wine. And then all go away, and more wine, and fruit, but sour. Then quick much noise on the door, and one, two, three little merchants come all quick and noise. But when they shall see me the king, they shout like the noblemen gods at the play, but more, and run away quick. Very strange, that little merchants so young shall know me a king in my country. Then much laughing. And after that the ladies shall go away, and the captain shall open the door. Then the merchant put his seat very near the table, and the captain do so too—and more wine—and talk of many things. Then I speak very much to the merchant, and I say to him what for you no stay at Clapton every day? And he laugh and say, "Business, business." Then I say, "What for you no ride in your carriage with your wife, and sit in the shades of your trees in your garden, and drink your wine with your wife every day, like I shall do in my country?" And he laugh again, and say, "Business, business." Well, me no understand, but wait. And we come away quick from Clapton with the horses. And when we come I say to the captain, "What for you no come to me very much every day?" And he laugh more than the merchant, and say like him, "Business, business." Very strange! in the island of Britain, when a man shall not know what to say, he shall always say, "Business, business!" And I the king shall not understand.

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## THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

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**I**T has often been observed, that a theatrical performer is a painter; but the painter can represent his subject only in one of its states of existence, or, if he attempt connexion, it must be by a *succession*, not a *continuity* of representation. A performer is a perpetually varying picture of a perpetually varying human nature. The art of theatrical representation is therefore one of the fine arts. The performer is at once the artist and the production of his art. In painting, the dead, or acts of past existence, are represented, and, in the theatrical performer, the dead are revived—he is, himself, the animated picture of all that has been and may be in human life.

This view of theatrical representation may perhaps enable us to form a proper estimate of the moral value of the stage. We blame the painter when he represents an obscene or immoral image, because its tendency is to excite vicious emotion ; we applaud him when his subject has an opposite tendency. Here the *choice* of the subject lies entirely with the artist. Not so the theatrical artist : the stage is to be the representation of real life—to hold the mirror up to Nature; and as vice abounds in the world, and the effect of its representation is, generally, more to familiarise than to dissuade, the tendency of the stage would

be decidedly immoral, were it not the study of the dramatist always either to give virtue the reward of happiness, and to represent vice as invariably visited with a just and terrible retribution, or to delineate crime and wickedness in all its naked deformity.

The stage being a representation of real life, attendance at the theatre may be advocated by saying that it accords with the recommendation of moralists, who teach us to mix with the world if we would not have our virtuous principles stagnate. In the same proportion then that we condemn the stage, we ought to applaud the antisocial virtues of a hermit, and scoop out our abode in the rocks.

As a dissuasive from attendance at theatrical exhibitions, it is urged that, if the stage had a moral effect, it would be evinced in the conduct of those who follow it as a profession. If, indeed, theatrical performers pretend to be teachers of morality, or that the drama is intended to inculcate morality, this will be an Achillean objection against them. But if the characters of performers were perfectly immaculate, so long as there are more fools than wise men in the world, so long will virtuous actions be fewer and less obvious than vicious ones; and so long, therefore, as theatrical exhibitions represent real life, so long will amusement be the *property* of the stage—instruction, or moral effect, merely its *accident*. The argument which recommends theatrical performance to the consideration of the philosophic mind is, that, in conjunction with the cultivation of scientific knowledge amongst the people, it forms an antidote to that poison which is so eagerly imbibed—the poison of enthusiasm and superstition.

One of the greatest of modern philosophers, speaking of the English, in his *Essay on Eloquence*, says, “The people in general are not remarkable for delicacy of taste, or for sensibility to the charms of the Muses. Their *musical parts* are but indifferent. Hence their comic poets, to move them, must have recourse to obscenity; their tragic poets, to blood and slaughter.” If so, the question of the tendency of the stage, or its value as a means of inculcating virtuous affection, will resolve itself into a question of national character; for, the same representations which in France excite admiration might be insipid in England, and those which in the latter country call forth the plaudits of the audience would frequently excite disgust across the Channel. So much for national character; from which it would appear that, according as the stage is viewed relatively to each people, supposing the national characters to remain unchanged, it will be pronounced to be moral or immoral. The conclusion from the whole is, that there is nothing *essentially* vitiating in the drama, so long as it adheres to the principle of representing real existence.

It is useless to argue about the respectability of the profession of the stage: all followers of the fine arts—they who contribute, not to the necessities of life, but to its enjoyments—hold their professional respectability by the severe tenure of the display of ability and excellence in the department they have chosen from among the various occupations of civilised society. And this holds equally true with regard to painting, sculpture, music, and the fine arts in general; and when he who has devoted himself to any of these pursuits has exhibited high excel-

lence, no situation in society is too exalted for him, should his manners enable him to occupy it: but if he should fall short of this elevated point of aim, he is very apt to degenerate into the sign-painter, the stone-cutter, the noisy catgut-scraper, or the doggrel rhyme-monger, the most contemptible of all. If this be true of the other professions having their origin in the wants of civilised society, it is most strikingly true in the example which the histrionic art affords. The first circles in society are open to persons distinguished in the dramatic profession, and their rewards are incalculably higher, in proportion to those who profess the more obviously useful arts: but those of them who lag in the rear are proportionally poorer and more degraded than the humblest individual who earns his subsistence by exercising any of the more necessary vocations of life, and the cause of their degraded condition is in the circumstance of their being compelled by poverty to pander to the vicious taste and passions of the vulgar.

### EVENTS OF THE MONTH, &c.

**July 26th.**—Yesterday, in the Commons, Mr. O'CONNELL complained of a breach of privilege on the part of the *Chronicle* and the *Times*, which papers, as he alleged, had dealt unfairly by him by suppressing his speeches. After a long conversation, during which noble lords and honourable gentlemen did homage to what the *Examiner* calls the “Fourth Estate,” the motion was withdrawn.

**27th.**—The Reporters of the *Times* having published a letter in that paper, declaring their resolution to report no more speeches of Mr. O'CONNELL, until he should have retracted what he had said of them in Parliament, the Honourable Gentleman, yesterday evening, moved that Mrs. ANNA BRODIE, J. J. LAWSON, and J. W. LAWSON, should be called to the bar of the House on Monday. Mr. HUME seconded the motion. After a conversation, during which Mr. O'CONNELL was appealed to, to excuse the attendance of the lady, which he consented to do, the motion was agreed to.

**30th.**—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. O'CONNELL moved the order of the day for calling the Printers of the *Times* to the bar. Mr. METHUEN opposed the motion, and moved that the order be discharged. The House found itself in a dilemma; it discovered, as Mr. OGLIONBY observed, that it had “privileges which it did not think it expedient to maintain, and dignity that it did not know how to support.” That some change ought to be made, we think no man can reasonably dispute; to leave so important a matter to unknown and irresponsible persons must, as it has done, lead to consequences greatly injurious to the public. Many members stated that, within their own knowledge, the speeches of individuals who had offended the reporters had been suppressed by them. Ought this to be? To be sure, as the proceedings of the House are now carried on, it would be exceedingly diffi-

cult to give a verbatim report of the speeches ; besides, it would look unseemly to see the speech of an honourable member interspersed with marks of interruption—such as “an ass brayed,” “a cock crowed,” and such like strange sounds. Nevertheless, we think that, as these are very important parts of the proceedings of the “deliberative assembly,” they should be duly communicated to the public ; and we feel confident that a correct report during one Session would enable the people to see very clearly what is necessary to be done to make reform something more than a name. According to the present method, the proportion which the “chaff” bears to the “corn” is so very great, as to make it a matter of doubt whether it is worth while to take the trouble of removing the former for the purpose of getting at the latter. If some speeches which we have heard had been reported *verbatim*, we have no doubt it would have cured the orator of his desire to hear himself talk, and have saved a great deal of the time of the House, which might have been more profitably employed. The House divided : for the motion, 48 ; for the amendment, 153 : majority, 105.—The Lords passed the Irish Church Temporalities Bill.

31st.—The Commons yesterday, during the early sitting, were again engaged on the Slave-emancipation affair.—In the evening, Mr. ROEBUCK brought forward his motion relative to the establishing of a general system of education. After some discussion, the Honourable Member withdrew his motion.—Mr. C. BULLER moved—

“ That it is the opinion of this House, that, in order to satisfy the just expectations of the people, it is necessary that such extensive reductions be made in the public expenditure as shall effectually diminish the burdens of the country ; and that it is the duty of Ministers to make such arrangements, previous to the next Session of Parliament, respecting the effective and non-effective services of the military, naval, civil, and colonial establishments, as may be necessary for the attainment of this object.”

Lord ALTHORP (who knew his men !) moved as an amendment—

“ That while this House acknowledges with satisfaction, that, by the reduction of the public expenditure, and by the financial arrangements carried into effect, there has been a reduction of taxation in the last and the present Session to an amount exceeding £3,000,000 annually, they feel it their duty to affirm the determination to which they have already come, to adhere to the just principles of wise economy, and to apply those principles to all departments of the State—paying a due regard to the national engagements, and to the interests of the public service.”

This amendment was agreed to without a division.

August 1st.—The business of the Honourable House is becoming multifarious. They are now saying a little about every thing, but seem to have no time to do any thing. Yesterday, the subjects of “Thelluson’s Estate,” “Middlesex Magistrates,” “Earl of Warwick,” “Tithes,” “Beer Bill,” “Slavery,” “Privy Council Bill,” “Sugar Refining Bill,” and “London Scavage Bill,” were severally under discussion. At length the proceedings were put an end to by the House being counted out.

2nd.—The Honourable House is exceedingly busy in laying the foundation of great doings in the *next Session*. We should not be at

all surprised if events were to occur to give them employment very different from any thing they now contemplate. We believe that the state of the public mind is such, that nothing that could happen would occasion more than a “nine days’ wonder.” A *reformed* House of Commons making Bank-of-England notes a *legal tender*, at the end of eighteen years of profound peace! what, after that, can surprise any one?

3rd.—In the Commons yesterday, the Bank Charter Bill was read a second time, after some opposition. Sir R. PEEL of course opposes the legal tender clause—he could not do otherwise; it proclaims to all the world that *his Bill* is a complete failure.

5th.—The affairs of Portugal, after a long suspense, are beginning to engage public attention again; and, after the rising of the Parliament, we have no doubt we shall have accounts of the *risings* of the Portuguese. The “Constitutionalists,” as they are called, are now in possession of Lisbon.

6th.—In the Commons yesterday, a new writ was ordered for the City of London in the room of Sir JOHN KEY, Bart., who had resigned his seat in consequence of its having been discovered that he had made a contract with the Government for the supply of stationery, using the name of his brother as a disguise; and also that he had procured the situation of storekeeper in the Stationery Office for his son, a youth only eighteen years of age, by representing him to be twenty-two. On the motion of Sir HENRY HARDINGE, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the allegations of a petition presented by him relative to this affair from certain stationers of the city of London. The Tory prints are full of exultations at this discovery, and taunt the Ministry most unmercifully at the disclosure of this peccadillo on the part of *their Baronet*; which, however, we consider to be very ungenerous and ungrateful, as the Whigs always stood by the Tories when any of their dirty jobs were brought to light.

7th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. Alderman WOOD brought up the report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the allegations of a petition respecting the conduct of a policeman named POPAY, who had been employed as a spy. Mr. COBBETT said he differed from the majority of the Committee on the subject of this report. The report and evidence were ordered to be printed.

8th.—In the proceedings of the Honourable House there are a great many indications of a disposition to reduce taxes; and if the grand *paper-project* should fail to raise prices very considerably, “something must be done” next Session. We are really in a most happy state: we have every thing to *hope*, and nothing to *fear*!

9th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. SPRING RICE moved a resolution, empowering his Majesty to grant out of the Consolidated Fund £60,000 yearly in aid of the parochial rates for the support of the metropolitan police force. Lord ALTHORP defended this grant, upon the ground that the country towns are interested in the peace of London, and that sometimes the country parts required the aid of the London police. Thus they go on step by step, and thus they will go on, until the people with one voice say, “*You shall go no farther!*”

10th.—The Commons yesterday proceeded with the Factory and the Bank Charter Bills. Several amendments were proposed, which the House negatived by majorities of two to one.

12th.—The Commons met on Saturday to proceed with the Bank Charter Bill. About sixty members were present. Thus is this most important measure discussed and decided in the absence of more than four-fifths of the people's representatives.

13th.—In the Lords yesterday, after some discussion, the Negro Slavery Abolition Bill was read a second time.—The Commons were engaged on the Factory Bill in committee. The Bill for giving a million of money to the Irish Clergy, in lieu of arrears of tithes, was read a second time.

14th.—The Commons yesterday, in committee on the Land Revenue Acts, agreed to a resolution that £55,000 be granted towards the completion of *Buckingham Palace!* The House afterwards, in committee on the Beer Act, agreed to a resolution "That for every licence granted to any person to sell beer, shall be paid the sum of £5; and for every licence to sell cider, 50s.; in lieu of the present duties payable thereon. How unceremoniously these "guardians" put their hands into the people's pockets!

15th.—In the Honourable House yesterday, Mr. HUME made a statement which must convince every one that is not interested in mis-government, that the public spirit of individuals is becoming more than a match for the Government. He stated that, within the last three years, above 400 persons had been imprisoned for offences against the stamp laws. When it is seen that some are allowed to do that with impunity which others are prosecuted for, a government *must* lose the respect of the people. Persecution can be carried very little farther.—After this statement of Mr. HUME, Mr. BLAMIRE made a kindred one relative to prosecutions for *Tithes*. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said, "he understood that, within the last ten days, thousands of suits had been commenced. It seemed to him a sort of infatuation on the part of the clergy; but what was now to be done, he did not know. The Act had given the right of bringing actions up to the 16th of August, 1833, and he knew no way of preventing the exercise of that right." Mr. COBBETT referred to a precedent, in the case of WRIGHT, the informer, in 1800, when 602 actions, brought by him against the clergy for *non-residence*, were stayed by Act of Parliament, in direct violation of the law. Mr. WARBURTON said, that *five or six thousand* actions were now entered for trial under Lord TENTERDEN'S Act, and the whole country was in a flame. Oh! wise and just legislators!

16th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. BUCKINGHAM brought forward a resolution—

"That it is the duty of this House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace, to institute an inquiry whether some means may not be devised of manning his Majesty's ships in time of war, without having recourse to the practice of forcible impressment."

Mr. COBBETT, Mr. YOUNG, Mr. HUME, and Sir EDWARD CODRINGTON supported this resolution, which was opposed by Sir JAMES GRAHAM

and Lord ALTHORP. The latter moved the previous question, which was carried by a majority of *five*, there being 59 against 54.—Mr. ROBINSON moved—

“That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to give directions that there be laid before the House a copy of the Prussian tariff of duties payable in that kingdom on the principal articles of importation from this country, and specifying the alterations which had taken place in those duties during the last ten years.”

Lord PALMERSTON did not think we had *a right* to interfere with the commercial arrangements which independent States might think proper to make with each other. If his Lordship had said *might* instead of *right*, we should have agreed with him. It is the power that we want, my Lord: when we had the *power*, we never wanted the *right* to do any thing we pleased. The Noble Lord further said, “Nothing was more common than for honourable members to say that, however excellent the principles of free trade might be in the abstract, yet in the condition of society in which we are now placed, with our present load of debt and taxation, it would be preposterous to adopt the principles of free trade.” Now, if Lord PALMERSTON can prove this opinion to be unsound, he will prove himself to be a very clever man. The very words “free trade” are a vile mockery. We are shackled in every thing, and in every thing we must continue shackled, so long as we have to bear “our present load of debt and taxation.” That very wise peer, Earl FITZWILLIAM, proposes the abolition of the Corn Duties: now, why cannot we begin in a small way first? Suppose we were to take the duties off butter and cheese, and see what effect that would have upon the dairymen. Then we might allow meat of all kinds to come in free of duty. By this method we should *feel our way*. The truth is, that the whole is a system of delusion. Lord PALMERSTON may understand “*protocolling*;” and it would be well for him to confine himself to affairs of that sort.—Mr. HUME moved—

“That, in accordance with the resolutions of this House, an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be pleased to direct an inquiry to be made into every existing sinecure office, or office executed by deputy, wholly or in part, by whatever tenure held, with a view of abolishing the salaries and emoluments of all those where public services have not been performed to deserve the same, and warrant their continuance or modification.”

Lord ALTHORP objected to the Address, “as interfering with vested rights!” It appears that every body has vested rights except *the people*: their rights may be taken away whenever it suits the pleasure of their rulers. His Lordship was willing to afford information to the House on the subject, and with that view moved an amendment—

“That an humble Address be made to his Majesty, that it might please him to direct that there be prepared, for the purpose of being laid before the House, a return explaining the nature and extent of all emoluments derivable from sinecure offices in the United Kingdom.”

Mr. HUME withdrew his motion.—Mr. BLAMIRE obtained leave to bring in a Bill to suspend for a year the tithe prosecutions, of which he complained on Wednesday.

17th.—The House was occupied yesterday in voting the supplies.

and, as might be expected, made great progress. £25,000 was voted for promoting education in Ireland, and £20,000 to the National School Society ; but not without dissent on the part of Mr. HUME, Mr. COBBETT, and others.

19th.—The Commons met on Saturday to receive the report of the Committee of Supply. Mr. COBBETT and Mr. HUME opposed the grant of £20,000 for the furtherance of education, and Mr. HUME moved that it be postponed. The House divided : for the grant, 50 ; for Mr. HUME's amendment, 26 : majority, 24. We cannot help thinking that there is great perverseness in the conduct of the advocates of " Education." They act as if they thought the sufferings of the people were owing to their want of education, and not to the misconduct of their rulers ; and this has a great tendency to support those rulers in their injustice. Now, what have we seen during the last twenty or thirty years in the conduct of what are called the *educated* classes, to lead us to look upon them as the superiors in knowledge of that sort which fits men to be good and useful members of society, to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows ? In every point of view, a *forced* system of education must be injurious. At any rate, we have at present more *educated* persons than, to use the words of BACON, " preferments can take off."

20th.—The Lords yesterday passed the East India Charter Bill, and the Slavery Abolition Bill.—The Commons, after receiving several petitions, went into a Committee of Ways and Means. Lord ALTHORP stated that the supply for the Army, in the present year, amounted to..... £6,654,618  
That for the Navy to ..... 4,658,134  
That for the Ordnance ..... 1,462,225  
That for the Miscellaneous Service ..... 1,845,303  
That for the estimated Interest on Exchequer Bills..... 615,000

Making a net total of..... £15,235,280

20th.—On the order of the day for the third reading of the Bank Charter Bill being read, Mr. COBBETT moved that it be read a third time that day six months. Mr. CLAY seconded the amendment. The House divided : for the amendment, 23 ; against it, 95 : majority, 72. The Bill was then read a third time and passed.

21st.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. RICE moved the second reading of the Beer Licence Bill. After some discussion, and a speech from Mr. F. PALMER, explanatory of the motives of those who dislike the beer-shops, the Ministers consented to abandon the Bill for the present. We think they acted discreetly in so doing.

23rd.—Yesterday the House went into committee on the Bill for Staying Suits for Tithes. We suspect that it will not be long before many measures of this nature will be necessary.

24th.—From the proceedings in the Lords yesterday, we may regard it as a matter of certainty that, in a few days, the *Bank Charter Legal-Tender-Usury-permitting Bill* will become the law of the land, and that we shall be again on the ocean of paper-money without rudder or com-

pass. There needed nothing to encourage what is called *credit*: already the abundance of money is so great, that bills of an extremely doubtful character can be discounted in Lombard-street at 3 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Nevertheless, we find great eagerness manifested by the *monied interest* to render "accommodations" to the public by the means of additional banks. Meanwhile the precious metals are leaving us, and every thing seems to indicate that the time is not distant when we shall have nothing but the "precious" paper left. Those who have the best means of judging entertain this opinion; and in thus giving it currency we do our duty, leaving our readers to form their own judgments and to act accordingly. The uncertainty in which the public have been involved by the magnitude and the precarious character of the measures brought forward by the present Ministers, is not likely to be at all diminished now that those measures have assumed the shape of laws. The *Tories* are fairly scared, and well they may be. We have heard, that when the present Ministers came into office, some one said to a person intimately connected with the Ministry, that they would not be able to keep their places. "Perhaps not," was the reply; "but at any rate we are determined to make them *too hot to hold the other party*." It is but justice to them to acknowledge that, whatever pledges they may have broken, they have rigidly adhered to this. The Radicals must be unreasonable men if they are not satisfied with the present state of things, which has been produced by the struggle for power between the two factions, whilst both have constantly and successfully resisted all attempts on the part of the Radicals to check them in their career of mischief. There cannot be two opinions amongst honest men as to the justice and propriety of *immediately* abolishing *sinecures*; but whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer's little items for the *army, navy, &c.*, amounting together to more than *fifteen millions*; whilst these continue, in addition to the *thirty millions* for the debt, the man who would endeavour to persuade the people that the abolition of sinecures would give them any sensible relief, is amongst the worst of deluders. Many years ago Mr. COBBETT put on record these memorable words:—"The debt says to the King of England, 'You shall never go to war again while I am in existence.' " He might with equal truth have put it thus:—"The debt says to the King of England, 'You shall never again know a state of *external war or internal peace* while I am in existence.' " However, the concern is now in the proper hands: carried on by the *Whigs* aided by the *Tories*, avowedly for the purpose of keeping out the *Radicals*.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Poems of William Drummond of Hauchornden, with Life.* By PETER CUNNINGHAM. 12mo. pp. 336.

THE author of the life of DRUMMOND is, we believe, the son of a poet whose works have placed him amongst the *élite* in the ranks of modern literature. It is an auspicious commencement of a literary life to have the fortune of being the editor of DRUMMOND's poems, and the writer of his life, at the time before which, for want of materials, no biography, deserving of the name, could be furnished of a man, the appellation of whom has long been familiar to us as household words. MR. CUNNINGHAM has availed himself of the antiquarian industry of MR. DAVID LAING, of Edinburgh; and we are furnished, if not with all we should like to know about him, at least with a much better one than ever has appeared hitherto. MR. CUNNINGHAM has successfully vindicated DRUMMOND's memory from the aspersions against his character indulged in by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD. He was a Loyalist and a Tory, while his ill-natured accuser was a Renegade, a Radical in his head (we should have made a mistake had we said heart), and only a Tory in print.

It is much to be regretted that we do not know more of DRUMMOND's intercourse with JONSON, DRAYTON, and others, his literary contemporaries. Of the poems, we need not be called upon to recommend them; and the critical remarks we intend to offer on them, in connexion generally with the literature of the period, we reserve for the present. MR. CUNNINGHAM has made a good beginning, and we wish him much success.

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*Journals of Excursions in the Alps, &c.* By WILLIAM BROCKEDON. 1 vol. 8vo. 1833.

THIS volume should be doubly acceptable to the public, not only for its own merit, but as affording to the mind's eye a series of descriptive views of the stupendous and magnificent scenery of the Passes of the Alps, which the author has already made familiar to us by his pencil. Such a work as "The Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps," should give the author of it some substantial claim upon the attention of the public. But this work has high merit of its own. It is not often we find, in the lucubrations of a traveller, evidence of the correct taste for the picturesque and beautiful such as in this work. MR. BROCKEDON has displayed an accurate observation, and a manly tone of sentiment pervades all his narrations and disquisitions. There is no one better fitted for writing about the Alps than the author; we believe he knows every nook and corner about them, as well as we know the localities of Denmark Hill. It is really pleasant to sit down with a man who has got something new to tell you; it is pleasant to be disappointed when you find all that you could have wished for where

you expected nothing : and who ever expects any thing worth having from the gentlemen who make the grand tour, and write a book and publish it, not because they have got any thing new to tell the public, but because they have made the grand tour? Any one expecting that Mr. BROCKEDON's book is one of this sort is mistaken ; it is an excellent book, and we can heartily recommend it.

*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4.  
Small 8vo.

ALL true lovers of romantic poetry will hail with pleasure this beautiful edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT's poetry. The manner in which the volumes are got up is worthy of the matter they contain. TURNER's pencil has been well employed, too, in illustrating the work, making us almost personally acquainted with the romantic beauty of places over which Sir WALTER has thrown the halo of classical association. As far as this edition has progressed yet, we have nothing of his own poetry : the new matter we have is contained in the first volume, being an introduction to popular poetry, in which, as might have been expected, there is much that is interesting, and that agreeably written. The remainder of the four volumes is occupied with the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

*Cruikshank v. the New Police.* Illustrated with Engravings by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. 12mo. stitched.

*The Condition of the West India Slave contrasted with that of the Infant Slave in our English Factories.* With Fifteen Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. 12mo. stitched.

THE above publications combine usefulness with amusement ; therefore we wish them much success. *Cruikshank v. the New Police* is a history of the recent exploits of that celebrated "force," in which their *merits* are done full justice to. It is accompanied by several well-executed smart designs of CRUIKSHANK.

Perhaps we were wrong in applying the word amusement to the second work, illustrating the Black and White Slavery : though some of the festal scenes of Messieurs the Blacks are comical enough, yet the scenes of squalid misery and want which we have here portrayed, prompt far other feelings than mirth or satisfaction. Some two or three of the designs appropriated to this part of the subject are touching in the extreme, and deserve much commendation. To instance one :—The factory is seen in the distance ; the trees, and the snow on the ground, tell us that it is deep winter, and we have to suppose the diurnal time very early in the morning. The figures in the cut are some half-dozen children of both sexes ; he of ten years pulling along his brother of eight, and a wretched-looking little girl, the very personification of orphan destitution, stand most out—but the whole of these seem hurrying along to the factory at their quickest pace, their bent-forward bodies telling that the morning is both cold and windy.

*The Musical Cyclopedia, &c.* Conducted by a number of Gentlemen Amateurs. Parts 1 and 2. 8vo. pp. 80.

THIS unpretending work contains a very lucidly-written popular dissertation on "the First Principles of Music," well fitted to initiate the reader before the intellectual banquet of poetry and music is set before him. The principal object of the work seems to be, to lay before the public a compendious and well-selected collection of the gems of the lyrical literature of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The collector has shown much taste in the songs chosen; and if it continues to be so well edited, we have no doubt it will meet with deserved success. Is the compiler acquainted with the lyrics of the author of "King Death?" We expect some evidence of this in a future number.

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*The Analyst.* 8vo. pp. 80. August 1, 1833.

A NEW quarterly work of the Utilitarian school of politics. The articles are generally clearly and forcibly written, though the subjects are scarcely of a popular-enough description. The cutting up of Mr. STANLEY's speech upon the Poles, is done in good style. To expose him is a service to the public; and if they watch his movements, the conductors of the *Analyst* will not have to wait long for matter to write about. With the review of the "Works published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," we totally disagree; we believe very few persons are of the author's way of thinking. The article on "Mr. Nicholson's Code of Mechanical Science," is just and good.

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*The Railway Companion, &c.* By a Tourist. 8vo. stitched. Pp. 48.

As a compendium of the history of the locomotive steam-engine and the rail-road, this is a very good work. The history of the various improvements of the steam-carriage, and of the rail-road, from its first adoption in the mining districts, two hundred years ago, to the period of the wonderful achievement of that of Liverpool and Manchester, is so agreeably told as to captivate the attention. But whatever merits the book may have, there is something in it which leads us to think that the information and literary ability shown by the author fits him for the authorship of a work of much higher pretensions. The power of description of this writer has almost balked our intentions to view the Liverpool rail-road. The account of his journey and the lithography accompanying it have made the rail-road, and carriages, and all pertaining to them, quite familiar to us. To all our readers who feel curiosity about these matters, and who cannot make it convenient to inspect the rail-road personally, we can recommend this little book; and to those who can, it is interesting from the history it gives of its rise and progress.

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## BOOKS FORTHCOMING.

Allan Cunningham promises a Life of Burns. Our expectations are high; and if this work comes up to them, it will supply a desideratum in literary history.

Travels and Researches in Caffaria. By Stephen Kay.

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## THE THEATRE.

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THE House of Lords have thrown out the Dramatic Reform Bill; and, as might have been expected, the King has refused to grant a patent to a third winter theatre. Theatrical matter in the approaching season must, therefore, go on as before. Mr. BUNN is in Paris, catering foreign rarities; and it is understood that there are negotiations on foot with some of the most eminent of our dramatists; and it is expected that the English Company will include many of our best actors. Drury-lane is to be appropriated to what is called the legitimate drama, and Covent-garden to opera and spectacle.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

The opera is closed, and PASTA is gone; and when the season comes again, it is said that there will be no PASTA. We hope this is not so.—Since the closing of the opera, the French theatre in the Concert-room of this house has attracted considerable attention, and been well attended. LAPORTE has been keeping his comic dramatic talent alive; but IRMA is the star, and a lovely star she is—the *beau idéal* of grace and elegance—the most beautiful picture of a French lady. The French theatre is closed too. When shall we have IRMA again? Next season, we hope.

### THE ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

This Theatre has disturbed the reign of the Haymarket; it is now the most fashionable theatre in London, and crowded nightly. The managers deserve this—their exertions to please the public have earned them their reward. *The King's Fool*, by Dr. MILLINGEN, and *The Spare Bed*, by Mr. FOX COOPER, have been the most successful; the latter is a genuine good farce. Another new piece is promised, founded on the “Deserted Village” of GOLDSMITH. If the managers continue to govern the theatre so well, it needs no prophet to inform us that their undertaking will be eminently successful.

Mr. FREER has been drawing good houses at the Queen's, a very pretty little theatre.

The solemn foolery of some of the daily press has been gulling the public out of their sobriety, in leading them a fantastic dance to the royal property at Vauxhall. Perhaps the motive was a good one, and, from what we saw, the hoaxed seemed very well pleased. The most wonderful thing connected with this exhibition is a copper-plate engraving, published by Mr. KIDD, most correctly representing a scene in the Gardens on the night in question. Here we have Mr. SIMPSON himself, his great likeness, and his visitors, all as they appeared. This production was drawn and engraved with the rapidity of a daily newspaper—it was published on the morning after the event.

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## THE MARKETS.

## CORN MARKET, MARK LANE, August 26.

## BRITISH GRAIN (PER QUARTER).

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.
<b>WHEAT</b> , Essex and Kent.. Red 54 to 58 extra 60 .. White .....				58 to 64		
Suffolk & Norfolk .....	—	53 to 56 ..	—	.....	55	61
West Country .....	—	54 57 ..	—	.....	56	60
Northumberland & Scotch..	—	50 54 ..	—	.....	54	57
Irish .....	—	41 50 ..	—	.....	45	50
<b>RYE</b> .....					32	36
<b>BUCKWHEAT</b> .....					29	32
<b>BARLEY</b> , Malting, fine nominal .....					25	28
Stained .....	23 to 26 ..		Distilling .....		25	27
Grinding .....					24	27
<b>MALT</b> , Brown, Old, 38 .....	New 50	— ..	Suffolk & Norfolk pale	51	58	
Stained .....	44	50 ..	Ware .....	54	64	
<b>BEANS</b> , Tick .....	New 31	34 ..	Old .....	35	40	
Harrow and Small .....	—	35 38 ..	— .....	37	42	
<b>PEAS</b> , Boiling, New .....	40	42 ..	Fine .....	44	—	
Maple .....	33	36 ..	Hog and Grey .....	31	33	
<b>OATS</b> , English Feed .....	16	20 ..	Short small .....	17	20	
Do. Polands .....				17	23	
Scotch Common .....	21	23 ..	Berwick .....	22	23	
Do. Potatoe .....				22	25	
Irish Feed .....	17	18 ..	Black .....	17 6 to 18	0	
Do. Potatoe .....				19	21	
<b>FLOUR</b> , Town-made and first Country marks .....			(per sack)	50	52	
Norfolk and Suffolk .....				45	48	
Stockton and Yorkshire .....				43	46	
Irish .....				40	43	
<b>OATMEAL</b> , Irish .....			(per ton)	£9 to £11		
<b>BRAN</b> , at the Mills .....			(per 16 bushels)	8s 6d to 9s		
Wheaten Bread, from 8½d to 9d ; Household ditto, 6½d to 7d, per 4 lbs. Loaf.						

## HOP MARKET, BOROUGH, AUGUST 26.

On Wednesday last our market was supplied with one pocket of new Hops, which sold at £6. 10s. per cwt., the quality very good for the first picking. There is little or nothing doing in yearlings and old olds. The reports continue to come favourable from the Hop plantations ; the duty for the kingdom is estimated at £195,000. The picking will commence about the 9th of September, and a supply is expected at market about the 20th. The quality is expected to be superior to last year, not having any mould or disease whatever.

## PRICE OF STOCKS, AUGUST 28.

3 per Cent. Consols .....	88½	Long Annuities .....	17½
3 per Cent. Consols for Account, 88½ to 8½		India Stock .....	243½
3 per Cent. Reduced .....	88½	Bank Stock .....	212 to 213
3½ per Cent. Reduced .....	95½ to 3½	Exchequer Bills .....	46s to 47s
3½ per Cent. New .....	95½ to 3½	India Bonds .....	30s to 32s
4 per Cent. .....	103½ to 4		